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THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF MR. RUSSELL SAGE.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 991.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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CONGRESS.

THE assembling of Congress is always interesting, but it is peculiarly so this year. Just before the adjournment a year ago a Republican Congress passed the McKINLEY bill, which became instantly the great issue in the Congressional elections that immediately followed, and which resulted in a total change in the party character of the House of Representatives. The enormous Democratic majority, which was the chief result of the election, was held to indicate an overwhelming popular disapproval of the McKINLEY tariff. By the Republican party, however, this interpretation was denied, and the result was ascribed by it to misrepresentation and popular misconception, which would be largely corrected by the time that the new Congress should assemble. The elections of this year, however, hardly confirmed the Republican view. The great Democratic gain of last year indeed was not fully maintained, but there was no general reaction; and even in Ohio, where Mr. McKINLEY himself carried the State, the result was attributed by Senator SHERMAN mainly to the Democratic declaration in the State for free silver.

In this situation Congress meets, and the immense Democratic majority is a source of profound uneasiness to many intelligent Democrats, and of "great expectations" to many ardent Republicans. But the really remarkable point is the strenuous effort to force a certain policy upon the party in the vehement assertion that the House must recognize that tariff reform is the chief issue. Mr. MILLS has strongly recommended it. Senator CARLISLE appeals earnestly to his party not to be diverted from it. Governor RUSSELL insists that it is of paramount importance to keep the tariff question at the front, and the wiser part of the Democratic press almost passionately entreat that the tariff be accepted by the party as the paramount issue. All this implies both doubt as to the agreement of the party upon an issue, and a belief that issues are made up for a party, instead of making themselves. In the preliminary discussions of the Speakership there have been constant allusions to protection Democrats—a phrase which should seem to be as extraordinary now as proslavery Republicans would have been thirty years ago.

These things show the obscurity of the present political situation. It is because of this very want of agreement within party lines. Senator CARLISLE is, we believe, a free-silver advocate; Mr. MILLS certainly is. But Mr. CARLISLE showed in his letter favoring the election of Mr. MILLS as Speaker his great anxiety lest his party should agitate the silver question. Mr. SHERMAN thinks that that question was really the chief issue in Ohio, and that it may be equally prominent in the national contest of next year. But while this is but an opinion and probably the wish of a party leader, it is evident that the question is very important in the Western States, while even in New York the management of the Democratic party is in the hands of those who have very doubtful opinions upon the subject. It is the vital struggle for ascendency in the Democratic party between its old spirit and its new tendency which makes this session of Congress singularly interesting. The real advantage to the party of the new spirit was shown by Governor RUSSELL'S re-election in Massachusetts. A Bourbon Democrat could not have been elected. The official figures now published show that the State is Republican, and that the success of Governor RUSSELL was due to personal confidence in the man; to the fact that his official action is largely controlled by a council; to disgust with the Republican management which put aside Mr. CRAPO as the candidate; and to the disappearance of the old distrust of the name Democrat. The vote shows a release from old prejudices; but Governor RUSSELL thinks that Massachusetts cannot yet be counted as a Democratic State, and it seems to us that it cannot be classed among the doubtful States next year. It might be almost said that the result of next year's general election will be determined by the action of the Democratic majority in the House at the present session.

PROSPECTS FOR 1892.

BENEATH all the political action and incident of the moment there is the constant thought of its bearing upon the Presidential election. The meeting of the Republican Committee in Washington resulted in the selection of Minneapolis as the seat of the National Convention, in the revelation of an enthusiastic preference of Mr. BLAINE as the candidate, and in the appointment of Mr. CLARKSON as the successor of Mr. QUAY to conduct the campaign. If the delegates may be assumed to represent accurately the drift of party feeling, these facts are interesting. The nomination of Mr. BLAINE and a campaign conducted by Mr. CLARKSON would hardly incline the independent vote of the country toward the Republican party. Many reform Democrats are incorrectly classed as independents. The independent vote is largely a civil service reform vote, and Mr. CLARKSON is among the frankest and most contemptuous enemies of that reform. His election to succeed Mr. QUAY in so important a trust shows certainly no disapproval of his conduct as a sheer spoilsman, and it shows further the hollowness of the fervent reform declaration of the last Republican Convention. While, however, the party, as such, is not a reform party, the action of a Republican, Secretary TRACY, against the strong protest of the "workers," has practically advanced reform further than any cabinet officer in any administration.

There seems to be little doubt that if Mr. BLAINE'S health should not forbid and he should be willing to accept the nomination, it would be offered to him by the Republican Convention. It may be assumed that the platform would take high tariff ground and a strong anti-free-silver-coinage position, and that it would moderate the ardor of its civil service reform protestations. But the Democratic prospect is not so clear. Among Republicans the BLAINE sentiment is practically unanimous. Among Democrats there is a strong CLEVELAND sentiment, but it is far from unanimous. Wherever in the autumn election the Republicans carried a State, it was a victory for Mr. BLAINE. But although the electoral vote of New York is indispensable for the Democrats, and although they carried the State by a large majority, and although Mr. CLEVELAND and his Democratic friends took an active part in the campaign, the result confirmed the power of the Democratic faction which is most hostile to Mr. CLEVELAND, and which controls the party organization.

Moreover, the contest for the Speakership has been waged with acrimony as a test of Mr. CLEVELAND'S hold upon his party. His especial opponent and rival, Governor HILL, goes to the Senate and to the Washington Democratic councils. There will be no abatement of the ardor of factional strife, and when the decisive moment of the nomination arrives, it may appear to the party leaders that Mr. CLEVELAND'S nomination might lose the vote of the State of New York, as it was lost in 1888. The election of Mr. MILLS would be interpreted as a victory for Mr. CLEVELAND. But it was a mistake to identify Mr. CLEVELAND'S popularity in the country with that of Mr. MILLS in the House, and a victory over party friends is not an advantage for a Presidential candidate. Nothing is clearer than that for its own interest the Democratic party ought to appeal to the country next year for tariff reform with Mr. CLEVELAND as its candidate, as, if Mr. BLAINE will consent, the Republican party will enthusiastically make him its candidate upon a platform of high duties and reciprocity. But notwithstanding the preference for Mr. CLEVELAND by the progressive and intelligent sentiment of his party, and his acceptability to independent voters because of his views of tariff reform, civil service reform, and the currency, and notwithstanding the fact that he is what may be called the logical candidate of his party, it is not clear that his nomination may not be defeated by the situation in New York, unless the demand for it from the rest of the country should be resistless.

THE GOOD FIGHT.

SECRETARY TRACY'S expulsion of the evil spirit of spoils from the navy-yards is too thorough a purgation not to extort cries of protest from the departing devil. The executive committee of the Republican General Committee of Brooklyn at a recent very full meeting considered a series of resolutions strongly condemning the Secretary for his sensible and effective method of appointment upon actual qualification properly ascertained rather than by the designation of a party committee or the dictation of a handful of local party bosses.

The resolutions held Secretary TRACY responsible for the recent Republican disaster in Kings County, which is a droll admission that party success depends on patronage, not on principle, and the gentleman who introduced the resolutions emphasized this view by declaring that the party in Kings County might as well disband if the Secretary's policy should be continued. This view was vigorously repelled by others, who insisted that the party might as well commit suicide as assent to such resolutions, which would make the committee ridiculous by repudiating a party policy. This was a still more important admission than the other, for it was the declaration in a party committee that practical and honest civil service reform must be maintained. But the conclusion of the debate showed a lurking doubt whether the resolutions did not express the committee's real sentiments, for a compromise was adopted in the withdrawal of the resolutions, and the appointment of a committee, of which the mover of the resolutions was made chairman, to proceed to Washington for "a plain talk" with the Secretary and with the Postmaster-General, who has just extended his rules for promotion to post-offices of fifty or more employés.

The reform introduced by Secretary TRACY is the greatest substantial achievement of this administration, and will keep his name in honorable remembrance. Nevertheless the pressure upon him of the protesting faction of his party will be very strong. They will urge him to recede from his position and to relax the rules, and there will be an implied threat of active hostility to him within the party if he does not yield. But the confidence of intelligent men will prove to have been singularly misplaced if the Secretary does not courteously show to the spoilsmen that his action was not due to a whim, but to a conviction of what is best for the service, and therefore for the party.

THE LATEST TRAGEDY.

THE melancholy circumstances of the FIELD failure have naturally attracted universal attention. It is one of the most painful tragedies of the kind which have occurred, and while its lesson is obvious enough, it is not to be expected that it will stay the course of those who are pursuing the same career, but who have not yet reached the catastrophe. The spectacle is profoundly pathetic of an old man, at the end of a life of incessant and daring business activity, simultaneously bereft of his wife by death, and doubly stricken by the loss of his fortune and by the dishonor of his name through the apparent crime of a son whose mind reels, and who attempts suicide.

The failure of the FIELD firm, the antecedent HOEY exposure, and the concurrent trouble of the Standard Gas-light Company are all incidents of the frenzy for swift money-making. The laws of disorder have a certain uniformity, and events which shake for a moment the confidence on which the whole modern system of credit rests are of almost regular recurrence. In the midst of the general alarm and doubt as to the scope and consequence of such events, there is an instinctive question which reveals the consciousness of the situation—"Who next?"

It is an interesting inquiry whether any man who is betraying trusts, but is not yet discovered, and who has plenty of time to right the wrong before detection, is ever moved by the exposure of a fellow-sinner to repair the wrongs he is doing. There may be such cases, but they are very infrequent. Yet the disclosures need not disturb faith in the general honesty. All great business depends at last upon individual integrity, and all the robberies and every form of fraud do not undermine men's faith in each other, which is the essence of credit. None the less the individual catastrophes, like this latest one, are unspeakably sad.

TAMMANY TRIUMPHANT.

THE ascendency of Governor HILL and Tammany Hall in the control of the Democratic party in New York is shown again by the election of Mr. WILLIAM F. SHEEHAN as the New York member of the National Democratic Committee, and by the resolution of approval of the course of Governor HILL in retaining his present office after the assembling of the national Senate, of which he is a member. Mr. SHEEHAN is the late Speaker of the New York Legislature and the newly elected Lieutenant-Governor. He is known as one of the most devoted friends of Governor HILL, and his election was unanimous.

The resolution in regard to the Governor declared that "it would be detrimental to the best interests of the State and of the Democratic party" should he relinquish his office before the end of his term. This also was adopted unanimously. Then Mr. RICHARD CROKER, the chief Tammany boss, offered a resolution that the best interests of the Democratic party would be subserved by the meeting of the Democratic National Convention in the city of New York, which was also unanimously approved. The unanimity of the proceedings showed the undisputed power of what a correspondent of the *Times* calls the "MURPHY-CROKER-SHEEHAN trinity," and this fact is confirmed in the most significant manner by the announcement of the disbanding of the County Democracy.

The proceedings of the committee were very quiet and very brief, but they were very important politically. The desperate struggle of Governor HILL to secure the Legislature for his party is approved by the trinity, and, whether successful or not, indicates plainly its aims—or, perhaps more truly, its aim. It is not one which wise Democrats or independents favor, but which will have great influence upon the course of political events next year.

TAUNTS AND SNEERS.

GENERAL JOHN PALMER, Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, has issued an order forbidding the display of the Confederate flag on public occasions. A North Carolina paper thereupon remarked, according to the General, "If the members of the Grand Army of the Republic don't want to march under our flag, let them stay where they came from." It was an exceedingly foolish remark, and the paper that made it is evidently unreconstructed, because "our flag" is the Stars and Stripes, and not the Stars and Bars.

But so exceedingly foolish a remark should not have been made important by a retort of General PALMER'S: "There is no class of men on God's earth that are half so appreciated for their gallantry and valor, or that so reflected credit on American valor, and whom we are so willing to forgive, as the soldiers of the South. But we cannot forget the loss of hundreds of millions of money, and of the lives of hundreds of thousands of men who are now lying in their graves because of the rebellion. In doing honor to the people of the South, they should not confront us with that stinking old rag of treason." These are not amenities which promote good feeling, and they are opposed to the purpose of the Grand Army, which we have understood to be the care of veterans, and the cultivation of patriotism and of good feeling. It is not conciliatory to say with fervor to a late opponent, "You fought well, but in a d—— dirty and disgraceful cause," and to add, "If you choose to resent that, we'll lick you as we did before." Harmony and good feeling upon those terms are exceedingly difficult.

General PALMER does great wrong to the Union soldiers, who are content to pay a just tribute to the bravery and constancy of their opponents, and not to taunt them. If some opponent angrily sneers, it is an unwise and unnecessary sensitiveness which assumes that the sneer expresses a general feeling; and if the Grand Army of the Republic should come to be regarded as a nursery of suspicion and contemptuous feeling toward fellow-citizens, it would certainly lose the favor of brave and patriotic "Union men" everywhere.

MR. BLAINE'S HEALTH.

THE state of Mr. BLAINE'S health, which the utmost vigilance of the press could not ascertain satisfactorily for many months, and which in the summer was declared to be most lamentable, seems at last to be definitely known. His physician in Philadelphia testifies to his sound health and his sturdy condition. This is news by which speculation upon his candidacy for the Presidency will be greatly stimulated. It has been the general impression that he would not decline a nomination should his health permit, and the announcement of his physician will be doubtless accepted as an intimation that Barkis is at least not unwillin'.

There is no Republican whose popularity with his party is comparable to that of Mr. BLAINE, as is shown by the reports of the enthusiasm of Republican conventions and meetings in every part of the country at the mention of his name. There is no doubt that it would be equally apparent in the nominating Convention. There is, in fact, no serious contestant for the nomination except President HARRISON, but his hold upon the party is not strong. It is not generally thought to be good policy to renominate for the Presidency a candidate who has been once defeated. But it would be doubtless considered by his party the best possible policy to present Mr. BLAINE again, and the friends of Mr. CLEVELAND certainly hold that view in regard to him.

The very extravagance of the terms in which Mr. BLAINE is mentioned by Republican orators and leaders proves their conviction of the general party admiration, and there is no doubt that his renomination would inspire his party to the most strenuous effort to reverse the result of 1884. But although the opposition of the campaign of that year would not probably take the same form, its reasons would not be forgotten. There is no reason to suppose that any considerable body of Republicans who declined to support him then would now vote for him, and there is not such an increase of the regular Republican vote that there could be no doubt of the result. The electoral vote of the new States is doubtless believed, as it was designed, by the Republicans to be theirs. Meanwhile, unless there should be some effectual refusal from Mr. BLAINE, there is little doubt that his friends will be very active and successful.

GOVERNOR HILL AND THE NEXT LEGISLATURE.

THERE has been some curiosity to know what is the peculiar interest of Governor HILL in securing, apparently at any cost, the Legislature, which will not meet until he retires. There are probably very few persons who suppose that the Governor's extraordinary zeal and activity are due to an overpowering love of justice, or to a lofty public spirit. Nor can his interest be consistently explained by the theory that he wished, as the leader of his party in the State, to commend himself still more closely to party confidence by a display of activity to secure a party majority in the Legislature.

Governor HILL belongs to the class of statesmen whose more important actions are believed to be explained by their bearing upon their own personal aims. This, indeed, is an explanation always offered by their opponents. Thus the course of Mr. GLADSTONE is alleged by his opponents to be due to his consuming desire to be once more Prime Minister. The same explanation is suggested for Governor HILL'S recent contest to secure the Legislature. It is very simple, and even probable. The Governor is Senator from New York. He is also desirous of the nomination for the Presidency next year. But his chance of the nomination would disappear if it should probably involve the party loss of a Senator, which would be the case if it should appear that, with an enormous majority for Governor, the Democrats failed to carry the Legislature.

The Governor's zeal can hardly end, under any circumstances, in his nomination. But it certainly shows the ardor of his desire, and it seems to make it clear that should he fail in his purpose, it would fare very hard with any New-Yorker who should secure the prize, especially if upon a previous occasion the other New-Yorker had been defeated as a Presidential candidate, while the Governor, then as now the party leader in the State, had been elected.

THE CHICAGO FAIR.

NEW YORK has shown no interest in the great fair since it was allotted to Chicago. There has been no hostility to it, but the excitement of the contest here was factitious and political. It is doubtful whether even Tammany cared for it after the change that required a vote of two-thirds of the committee for any important action. But it is now thought desirable to stimulate interest and action in the city, and there is to be a dinner, at which Mr. DEPEW will preside, to urge the claim of the great enterprise upon the attention of New York.

It is for the interest of New York that it should take part in the fair. Chicago and the rest of the country can easily make it successful. But it is desirable that in such an assembly of the industrial forces of the Union, its greatest city should be adequately represented. New York has very little local pride, although it assumes its own primacy and supremacy in a way which other communities are very fond of snubbing. But there is public spirit enough among New-Yorkers to prevent them from indifference to so important and national an undertaking as the fair, and an active committee taking the matter in hand would win a worthy response.

New York is too heterogeneous a city for great public spirit. There cannot be much common impulse among a people which has not traditions in common, and it has been a popular defect of the proposed fair that although COLUMBUS discovered America, he is not a hero of the popular imagination, and there is no enthusiasm to be aroused by his name. The circumstances were wholly different in 1876 at Philadelphia, and the kind of sentiment which is necessarily lacking in the Columbian Fair is always of very great service. But the eloquence at the dinner will doubtless stimulate New York to take her just share in the good work.

SHORT SPEECHES FOR MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. GLADSTONE has been advised not to speak until Parliament opens, or to confine himself to very short addresses. It seems that some recent speeches have greatly exhausted him, and his strength must be husbanded. The statement is probably true, and it suggests that the close of his active career is approaching. His retirement from the leadership of his party and from public life would be a most important event, because it is not easy to overestimate the value of his personal force to the Liberal party.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in a recent speech, announced his final severance from the Liberal party. This had been anticipated, for the bitterness of his taunt when he was jeered in a Liberal meeting for an allusion to the Tories, "At any rate, they are gentlemen," has not been forgiven. A member of Parliament said of him, "That taunt cost him the Prime-Ministership." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said that at first the division of the Liberal party seemed to be a temporary difference upon some details of legislation for Ireland. But it had now become an irreconcilable breach.

Yet the elections in England seem to show an increasing Liberal vote, and forecast the return of Mr. GLADSTONE to power should he live until a general election. There is a peculiar Liberal animosity toward Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, as if his change of party were due to social reasons. It would seem to arrest his political career, because the Tory party is never sure of a long tenure of power, and while he might have succeeded Mr. GLADSTONE in the Liberal ranks, he can hardly hope to reach the Premiership as a Tory.

NEGLECT OF A LEGISLATIVE DUTY.

ONE of the ill results of the party difference between the Governor and Legislature of New York is the failure to carry out the mandate of the Constitution that an enumeration of the inhabitants shall be taken under the direction of the Legislature in the year 1855, and at the end of every ten years after. Who is to blame that no provision was made for the enumeration in the year 1885, and why has the enumeration not been ordered? Each party accuses the other of disobedience to the Constitution.

The Legislature of 1885 was Republican, and it provided for enumeration according to the precedents of earlier bills. It was vetoed by the Governor. And why? Undoubtedly because it gave the appointment of enumerators to the Secretary of State, who was a Republican, and undoubtedly would have used the patronage as a partisan. The appointments should not have been political, but, in obedience to the National Republican platform of 1884, they should have been made upon business principles. But the fact that such provision was not made in the law was not a reason for preventing the execution of a constitutional mandate, which was the result of the veto.

It has been announced that one good result of a Democratic State administration in every branch would be a proper enumeration according to the Constitution. Does this mean that the enumerators will be appointed in the sensible and satisfactory manner that Secretary TRACY has prescribed for skilled workmen in the navy-yards? Or does it mean that the Secretary of State being now a Democrat, the objections to the bill are removed, because the patronage will be used for Democratic advantage?

PERSONAL.

APROPOS of Mark Twain's extremely interesting paper on "Mental Telegraphy," published in the Christmas number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, a correspondent writes, bringing to notice a curious case of coincidence:

"HARPER'S for December, 1890, contains a story, 'Flute and Violin'; *Scribner's* for the same month has another, 'As the Sparks Fly Upward'; while *The Century* contains one, 'A Conscript's Christmas.' In each of these stories appears a character named Spurlock. Mr. ALLEN, in HARPER'S, and Mr. HARRIS, in *The Century*, give the name to a woman, while Mr. HIBBARD, in *Scribner's*, gives it to a man. The faces in the portrait of the Widow Spurlock and of Mrs. Spurlock in the two former magazines bear no resemblance to each other, so that the coincidence begins and ends with the name of the character; but the unfamiliarity of the name and the simultaneous appearance of the three stories make the matter sufficiently curious to deserve attention."

—The elder Lord LYTTON was a notable dandy in his day, fond of clothing himself in costly attire. MACAULAY says, in one of his letters, that a coat worn by BULWER on one occasion cost more than the coats worn by any other five members of Parliament. His son, the late Owen Meredith, inherited none of this taste for extravagance in dress, but, on the contrary, inclined to the other extreme.

—Probably the only original Continental flag in existence is that in the possession of the City Troop of Philadelphia. It was carried by that organization all through the Revolutionary war. "It is spread between two large pieces of plate-glass, and is kept completely air-tight. The probabilities are that were it removed from this case it would fall to pieces. In design it is somewhat similar to the English jack. The design was made by a committee, of which BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was a member, in 1776. A few years later the first American standard accepted by Congress was submitted and adopted. It was known as the Constellation Flag, and was similar to the one now in use, with the exception of the thirteen stars on a blue background."

—One of the surviving officers of KANE'S pioneer arctic expedition, Captain J. WALL WILSON, has long been a resident of New York. He is a lively and well-preserved old gentleman, with a fund of anecdotes relating to the days when he ate boiled shoes and blubber by the light of the aurora borealis. He lost one toe by freezing, and had an attack of scurvy as a result of the privations of the undertaking, but otherwise he returned unscathed. Captain WILSON says that so far as he can learn, there is only one other of the officers who accompanied the expedition now alive.

—King OSCAR of Sweden is reputed to be the most accomplished royal personage in Europe. He is a playwright as well as a poet, and in addition to a profound knowledge of astronomy, he is well versed in general science. Like many other European sovereigns, he has a pronounced taste for music, and is a very skilful performer on the organ. In physical stature he is a giant, surpassing even the Czar in height.

—Few Union generals are held in higher esteem by the people of the South than General GALUSHA PENNYPACKER, for whom the Tennesseeans especially have a warm feeling of admiration. In Nashville, just after the close of the war, and during the gloomy days of the reconstruction period, his patient and kindly treatment of his former foes did much to allay the bitter hatreds of the time. General PENNYPACKER'S notable war record is recalled by the recent action of the Secretary of War in granting him a medal of honor for bravery at Fort Fisher. He was one of the youngest of the prominent commanders of the North, having been brevetted a major-general when only twenty-two.

—When General GRANT was entertained in Chicago at a public dinner just after the close of the war, he made the prediction that the city would one day become the metropolis of the New World; whereupon a Chicago land-owner who was present said: "General, I have sixty acres of land on the West Side which I am tired of owning. If you will take it, I will make you a present of one-third of it." General GRANT laughingly accepted the offer, and several years later, when he again visited the city, the land was transferred to him for a nominal consideration. The property remained in his possession undisturbed until the time of the GRANT-WARD failure, when, in May 17, 1884, a mortgage for $150,000 was recorded against it for W. H. VANDERBILT.

IN AND AROUND THE "ARCADE" BUILDING IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE EXPLOSION.—FROM SKETCHES MADE ON THE SPOT.—[SEE PAGE 991.]

1. The Effects of the Exploded Bomb in the Public Office. 2. The Exterior of the Building. 3. A Scene in the Hallway. 4. In Mr. Sage's Public Office. 5. Mr. Washington Connor's Private Office, Fifty Feet from the Explosion. 6. The Débris on the Street. 7. The Ruins in Mr. Sage's Private Office.

"THE DEMENTED ONES."

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

BEYOND the near hills, and veiled by the smoking woods, the battle is joined.

It is hard to say whether the roar of the artillery is heavier than the ceaseless tear and grind, grind, grind of the multitudinous rifles. High up in the murky sky the on-lookers at the rear see soft flashes of light burst into puffs of white-gray smoke. The white-curtained ambulances wax thicker and thicker on the dusty road. Wounded men, supported by one and sometimes by three comrades who have thrown away their guns, are streaming back through the woods. Here and there a riderless horse is plunging madly across the withered and stony pastures, or cropping a mouthful of grass, and then turning a startled look in the direction whence he came. Down the 'pike thunders an aid in search of re-enforcements, his smoking mount gray with dust and flecked with foam. Past him gallops a yellow-striped orderly on his way to the front, with buff envelopes drawn through his belt. A disabled gun has been hauled back on to the road-side, and the excited drivers are riding the smoking teams to the rear. Covered wagons are paying out telegraph wire over short poles driven into the earth, as they come trending in the direction of army headquarters.

There is grim order, however, in the seeming confusion. The forge is ablaze in the shabby bivouac of Battery Q's impedimenta, and the leather-aproned smith is shaping a shoe for one of the extra horses. There is the round-topped battery wagon, the little mess wagon loaded with tents and camp chairs, and the big covered van, with six kicking mules fighting over the trough fixed on the pole. And there is Uncle Moses, now lamming and cursing his charges, and now talking to them as if they were intelligent members of his family.

"Yo' low-down white Lize, lemme see yo' kick dat line mule one time moah, an' yo' Unc' Mose ull curry yo' down wid dis yer blacksnake. Does yo' year me? Whoa! Bang! Swish! I mek yo' squat down an' t'ank de Lor' I di'n't cut yo' heart out dat time. Whoa!"

The burly quartermaster is strutting up and down, big with the importance of his independent command, and proud of his indifference to the roar of the battle. He is swearing more than the occasion calls for—this quartermaster who said his prayers and read his Bible night and morning in a top bunk of the Albany barracks when he thought he was going to certain death, he and his devout bedfellow, who has long since deserted.

Certainly the quartermaster is sore tried on these peculiar occasions, when, excepting the smith and the farrier and Uncle Moses and the colored servants and a disabled recruit more or less, his command is made up of idiots and mild lunatics, thrust into the army as costly substitutes, and unloaded on Battery Q, along with better men, with the occasional forced details from the infantry.

These merry freaks, first or last, found their righteous water level in the spavined train of the extra horses.

Charley Fitch, with his forage-cap pulled down until his ears lop under the rim, is seated under the battery wagon to shelter his bare back from the sun. Fitch stammered so badly when he spoke that his mouth drew around towards his left ear and his right shoulder twitched.

Spence Lusk, his comrade in adversity, who was sitting near him, looked on at the rising smoke calmly, for he was deaf. He only heard when the horse-doctor punched him in the ribs, and then, knowing that something was being said to him, he said, "Yes." If the doctor shook his head, Spence hastened to say, "No, marm." If that did not appear to satisfy the doctor, Spence swore mildly and said, "I dun'no'." And he was otherwise so slow in his movements that he was known throughout the battery as "Old By-and-by."

These two were drawn to each other by the common heritage of infirmities, and Charley took Spence under his protection with a great show of patronage and a comfortable assumption of superiority. Fifty times a day Charley forgot that Spence was deaf, and after saying something that twisted his whole body in the effort, he would look at Spence despairingly, and add, with another contortion, "Well, you no good anyway, 'Pence Lul-lul-lusk."

It was pathetic to see these two friends without any friends, each mounted on a galled horse of many sores, hung with festoons of camp kettles and nose-bags, each leading two other lame or otherwise disabled animals, decorated with rolls of blankets and strings of pots and pans. The two wore their overcoats in August, and patiently carried every bag and burden the men chose to strap on their horses. In camp they cleaned and fed each his three charges, and for the rest of the day they ate and slept, and at night they crept under the same dog-tent.

After feed-time Charley sidled over to Spence, and pulling him by the shoulder, shouted in his ear:

"There's a big hors-pi-pi-pitile down by the sta-sta-straw-stacks. Common!"

"Hain't got any," said Spence, who thought Charley was asking for tobacco.

"You ain't no good," said Charley, plucking him by the arm, and away the two friends went together.

The writhing of Charley's body showed that he was making another fruitless effort to communicate some sort of good news to his companion, and then he caught him by the arm, and after pulling him to a halt, made a saw of his right hand, and worked it across Spence's leg. After that effort at pantomime both men galloped off in great glee.

The straw-stacks were in a rude stable-yard enclosed by a high wall, and on the peak of the great red barn floated a square of yellow bunting. Clean yellow straw lay thick on the wide floors, and in the stables, and over the bottom of the empty bays. The whole barn-yard was strewn with it.

When the two demented ones dodged under the wheels of the ambulances unloading at the double gates, the space in the barn was already tenanted by a ghastly company, and the busy bearers were laying the wounded and the dying in long straight rows across the yard. They looked in on the great barn floor. A tent fly had been staked out over the south doors to ward off the sun. The two demented ones were bewildered and speechless in the presence of the gory spectacle their eyes rested on. The frightened swallows were flying about under the great roof, and shining particles of dust were floating in the lances of light streaming through the cracks in the dark siding, and lying tenderly across the forms of the dead and the grimy and blood-stained faces of the living. Some sat up with crimson and white handkerchiefs about their heads, and others bent over their wounded limbs. The doctors were roughly probing for bullets, and there were wailings and cursing and laughter ringing up to the rafters. A peculiar rattling sound reached the ears of Charley. Here at his feet lay a sight that held him with a horrible fascination. It was the wounded form of a boy who would never see again, his face shattered beyond recognition, and in his delirium his restless hands were twisting and twisting and twisting a thin wisp of broken straws.

"Common, Spen ce," said Charley, plucking the other by the arm; and they picked their way out among the rows of the wounded, the two demented ones vaguely conscious that by some mysterious transformation they were rich and prosperous where all their fellows were poor and needy.

Some occult influence seemed to hold the two in the radius of the horrors they would fain flee from, and once out of the yard, their feet turned around the barn to the shade of the butternut-trees, where the surgeons in threes were plying their horrible trade. They stood at a distance outside the barricade of fanning mills and sheep-racks blinking in the hot sun.

"Them fellers don't feel nothin'," said Spence, meaning the anæsthetized subjects on the tables.

"Guess I know th-a-a at," said Charley, writhing and twisting. "Common;" and he led the willing Spence across the field to another hospital, straw-strewn, under the shade of a great oak in the quiet pasture.

On the eastern border of this circle of the unfortunate, where the shadow of the tree was creeping out over them on to the field beyond, was a little patch of Confederates, lying by themselves, and in front of these the two wanderers stopped to contemplate the greatest curiosity they had yet seen. There was one, a handsome Virginia boy, his tooth-brush woven through the button-holes of his gray jacket, who held his canteen out to Charley, and begged him, "for Christ's sake," to fill it with water.

Charley took the curious thick canteen of uncovered tin from the soldier's hand, and passing it to Spence, pointed in the direction of the spring. Then he kneeled down beside the sufferer and undid his roll of blankets, adjusting them under his head and about his wounded arm. Charley kept Spence going to and from the spring until every man Jack of the enemy was supplied with water.

"You are very kind," said the Virginian.

"That ain't no-n-nothin'," twisted Charley.

"What is your regiment?"

"Tain't no r-r regiment; it's jis Battery Q."

"Battery Q?" said the Southron. "Why, I was wounded

in front of Battery Q, and borne through its guns to the ambulance. A tall captain, black beard, Russian shoulder-knots on his riding-jacket—"

"Yas," said Charley; "that's Captain Ne-Neal."

"Captain Neal," said the other. "Yes; he gave me a drink from his flask. The batteries were not engaged; it was the infantry; the trees were too thick. Great God!" said he, thoughtfully; "if those two batteries should open on each other at a hundred yards!"

Then, addressing himself to Charley and Spence, in view of their patent infirmities, he asked if they were soldiers.

"No; not ezactly," said Charley. "I'm a sub-sta-ta-tute, an' he ain't no good; he's deef. We take care o' extra horses."

The wounded Virginian was more uneasy in mind than in body; for, as it transpired from his conversation with the friend who lay beside him, he was to have been married within the month. He could wait, if only she knew that he was alive and well, with only an arm to lose. "If I could only get word to Bob"—that was his brother. Many other things transpired, for the prisoners talked unreservedly in the presence of the demented ones, who sat on the ground beside them.

"Yes, I was to have been married next Sunday a week, to the sweetest girl in Falmouth County. It will break her heart if she hears I am dead. If I could step across and tell Bob how the land lies, all would be right. I would be willing to come back. But for the awful uncertainty about my life or death, I could roll over and go to sleep."

"Poor boy and poor girl!" thought Charley.

Then the two prisoners fell to comparing the incidents of their capture.

"Mine," said the Virginian, "was about the most curious thing that ever happened, and quite the most unexpected. My brother, Bob Chew, commands our battery, tangled up in this infernal wilderness, and just in the front of this Battery Q. You could sling a cat across but for the jungle of trees. I walked out into a cart track just south of the right gun, not a team's length away, and was pulling dewberries out of the grass, when I got a volley out of a clear sky, and two infantrymen ran me down that grassy road beside the stone wall; and before I realized where I was, I was rushed through the guns of this same Battery Q. And here I am, and here I must stay—Lew Chew, a prisoner."

Charley blinked and writhed his shoulders, and made an involuntary face at Spence; but with all his outward infirmity he possessed a singularly retentive memory. He made no combinations, formulated no plans, but the picture of the brother in command of his battery in front of Battery Q was fixed in his clouded mind, and the name of Captain Chew rang in his ears—*Bob Chew!* Sympathy for the wounded brother Lew had also taken hold of Charley. He only knew that he felt sorry and queer, and the writhing of his body and the twitching of his face were the unconscious outward evidence of a half-conscious inward state. Spence heard nothing, saw little, comprehended less.

When the two returned to the camp of the impedimenta, it was to find their great commander, the Napoleon of quartermaster-sergeants, vaporing and swearing. He too had just returned, not from the rear, but from the front, "by ——, sir!" From the front, where Battery Q had covered itself with glory, and the officers (what remained of them) had sent back for hot coffee.

"And where is the cook to make it, and who is to carry it up? Where are the d—— officers' slaves? A smotherin' th'ir woolly heads under some hay-stack; or, more like, buried in swamp mud, drawin' th'ir breath through a section of stove-pipe." He declared he would shoot them on the edge of their return. "Charley, come here. What do you know? Hold your tongue! Saddle your horse. Silence, and do as I tell you."

Exeunt Charley and his patron saint. Enter the quartermaster and horse-doctor with a kettle of coffee.

In the middle distance is Charley seated on a bony gray horse; Charley's shoulders and the gray's rump plentifully sprinkled with chopped hay and chaff. The two straps of his overcoat hang loose from the small of his back, and his elongated forage-cap is crushed down, like a drunken extinguisher, far below his turned-up coat collar. A nose-bag full of curry-combs is buckled around the neck of the patient horse, and a festoon of canteens and frying-pans decorates the cantle of the saddle.

The road is filled with batteries and ammunition wagons going and coming, so that our humble purveyors of coffee take to the fields, riding Indian file and in Indian silence, the sergeant, scowling, in advance, and Charley turning his head from side to side. In one direction he sees a park of pontoon boats advanced into the shelter of the woods; and in the other the commanding general, at the head of a bedraggled staff, returning from a personal inspection of the lines.

All is still at the front, and seemingly motionless, until they pass the first curtain of woods, and come suddenly upon countless masses of infantry marching with an easy swing to the left. The batteries are choking the sandy cross-roads. No drums, no bugles, only the jangle of equipments, the shucking of wheels, and the rattle of harness; a quiet command, a ribald joke, a ringing oath. Two corps are swinging from right to left in preparation for a new attack at daylight.

"Are we going to the f-f-front?" Charley ventured to ask.

"Yes; to be shot," was the sergeant's surly rejoinder.

And on they push as before, through and beyond the moving columns. And here is the position of Battery Q, facing the green wall of a tangled wood at a hundred feet interval, with guns double-shotted with canister; a battalion of infantry, lounging in two detachments about stacked arms behind either flank, kindling fires of twigs and stubble to boil the everlasting quart cup. The numbers about the guns are lounging and even sleeping near their places. The lids of the green limbers are closed, and the thirsty horses are going back in teams of sixes for water. It is an anomalous situation for a long-range battery. A few men and horses have gone down during the long day before the hissing bullets now and then singing over the field from distant sharp-shooters, or spitting through the trees from the positions of the skirmishers. Not a shot has been fired by the black guns, and the duty of the support has been a sinecure of idleness, a tedious and trying service of nervous inactivity, listening by the hour to the ripping of musketry up and down the line, where whole corps are storming the burning woods, breathing the drifting sulphurous smoke, and waiting, waiting.

No wonder the captain is nervous and irritable, and thankful for the setting sun and the jaded orderly who brings him orders to be ready to move at two o'clock in the morning. To the left, always to the left. A vision of the imperturbable commander-in-chief rises from the cramped lines within that yellow envelope. To wait is patience; to move is destiny.

The quartermaster, followed by his queer attendant grinning from ear to ear, or rather up towards one ear in particular, to see the boys at the front, comes charging at a walk on the ledge of rocks where the hungry officers are seated.

"Just the man we want, Charley," cries Lieutenant Sanderson, coming over to take the welcome coffee-pot. "Major Black has lost a collar-bone, and the doctor is looking for a substitute."

"Don't let him guy you, Charley," said Mink. "You've got the fresh bloom of the wagons on you. It does one good to see you rise out of these d—— hot weeds."

Charley is a privileged character at the front, and as he dismounts and leads his stumbling gray among the guns, the merriment goes with him, as the laughing wavelets follow the gliding boat.

"Dry up!" "Come off!" "Yous no good!" are the burden of Charley's rejoinder. In an absent-minded way he is thinking of the Confederate prisoner hustled through these same guns, and of the other battery so near and not so very far. Kicking the stones and weeds, he wanders over to the thicket for a whip. He twists off a chestnut sprout, and tucks a spray of wild roses in old gray's headstall. At his feet is a cart rut leading into a tunnel of green. Charley wanders on into the cool retreat. There is the wall of stones beside the path. He sees before him the real counterpart of the picture the wounded Virginian painted on his brain in the shade of the hospital tree. Why not ride over and send a message to that "pooty" Falmouth girl? The boys think he is a fool. He has a vague idea of distinguishing himself. He clambers into the saddle, and rides down the path, wagging his head and working his shoulders, and doubtless thinking queer thoughts as his horse picks his way among the outcropping rocks.

"Halt!" cried a blue picket, rising out of the bushes. "Where do you think you are going, you blooming idiot?"

"I dun'no'," said Charley. "Do y-y-you?"

"Yes; you're going straight to the devil," said the man, laughing. "I fired my gun at a sneaking rebel just now. Are you deaf? Turn back, you fool;" and the man lazily drew his ramrod to reload.

"Good-by," said Charley, making a hideous face at the picket as he plied whip and heels to his horse, and shot around a bend in the tunnel of green, chuckling and bumping like an ape on horseback.

A quarter of a mile further on he is halted again with a round oath, and a black rifle-barrel levelled at his breast.

"You're my prisoner; 'light off that horse."

"Tha-tha-t's all right," said Charley, sliding down to the ground as he was ordered. "That's w'at I comed fur."

"You want to desert, do you, you lousy Yankee? You don't look like we-uns wanted you."

"You're a l-l-liar," screamed Charley. "I don't want to de-de-desert. I want ter see Capt'n Chew. Didn't ye never see a flag o' truce?" said Charley, whipping a dirty cotton handkerchief out of his pocket.

The Confederate picket called a comrade to take his place, and started to the rear, leading the horse and cursing and wondering by turns at the curious fish he had taken in his net.

"You take me to Cap'n Chew's b-battery," said Charley, turning back on his guard, "'cos his brother is a-dyin' over yonder."

"You're a fool," said the guard, and turning up the hill to the right, he drove his charge into a park of shining Napoleons crowning a rocky ledge, with lunettes of rails and dirt circling in front of each frowning gun.

"I've brought you a lunatic," said the picket, addressing himself to the surging circle of men and officers. "He has some sort of a message for Captain Chew."

In his embarrassment, Charley more than justified his keeper's description by grimaces and writhings.

"Be you Cap'n Bob Ch-Chew?" cried Charley, cutting a circle in the air with his thumb, and jabbing his head sideways at the officer he elected for the captain.

"Yes," said the captain; "go on."

"Well, then," began Charley, gathering himself together for a long speech, "your brother Lew sent me over here t' tell you t' tell that pooty gal in Fal-Fal-mouth that he got his arm shot, an' can't m-m-marry her next week."

"Come to my tent," said the captain, parting his way through the crowd and taking Charley by the arm.

There was a long interview between the two, in which Charley described as best he could the desperate situation of the young Virginian.

"He's got te have his arm took off short," said Charley.

The excited brother walked up and down under the trees. "You are an artilleryman?" said the captain, halting square in front of our hero.

"No; n-nothin' but a sub-sta-sta-tute," said Charley.

"How did you get here?" said the other.

"I come up along o' the quartermaster to bring the cap'n his coffee, an' I rid out here t' tell you how Lew was shot, an' couldn't m-m-marry the pooty gal," said Charley, with a great and successful effort.

"You belong to a battery?"

"Yes, I do."

"What one?"

"Battery k-k-Q."

"And who commands Battery Q?"

"Cap'n Ne-Neal."

"Where is Captain Neal's Battery Q?"

"No ma-ma-matter," said Charley, with a writhing contortion that winked one eye involuntarily. "I guess I told ye all I k-k-know."

"And I reckon you are a pretty good soldier, and don't know it," said Captain Chew. "I suppose you want to go back to Battery Q?"

"I knowed you'd s-send me back s-safe," said Charley, "'cos I cum for Lew."

The captain had a consultation with his officers, during which the guard again took charge of the prisoner.

"Many more like you-uns 'mongst the Yanks?" said a long-geared driver, lifting Charley's cap from his head.

"You ain't n-no good," said Charley. "Gimme that cap."

"Look alive, boys!" said the other; "he's gettin' ready to jump down his throat."

"Gimme that cap!" screamed Charley, making a futile effort to reach it from the long driver's hand.

The high words and jeering laughter reached the ears of Captain Bob Chew, who strode to Charley's side with flashing eyes. "This young gentleman is a friend of mine," said he, "and I will punish the first man who insults him by word or look. Smith, hand him his cap. Now say, 'I beg your pardon, sir.' Very well, sir. Now go back to your team. Now, my boy," said Captain Chew, "I am going to send you back, with a letter to your captain, and with a bundle of clothing which I am sure you will deliver safely to my poor brother."

The gray horse, with his frying-pans and nose-bags, was led out, and the Confederate captain held Charley's stirrup with all the politeness he would have shown a fine lady. The bundle of clothing was strapped fast behind his saddle. The directions for placing him outside the lines were carefully given to the officer of the pickets.

"And now, my fine fellow," said Captain Chew, grasping Charley's hand, "you have done me a service I am powerless to repay. Good-by, and God bless you! And d—— the man that dares to do you harm!"

By this time the soft moonlight was falling through the tree-tops. The little company of Charley's escort vied with each other to do him honor. They shook hands with him all round at the outpost, and gave the gray horse a friendly whack at parting.

It was nine o'clock, and the men of Battery Q were sleeping under the carriages, when an infantry picket emerged from the tunnel of green leading Charley's horse, that afflicted young gentleman sitting bolt-upright in the saddle, as proud as a knight.

Mink and Sanderson and Captain Neal were seated on the supper rocks in the moonlight, canvassing the disappearance of Charley. The two other lieutenants were already rolled up in their blankets.

On came the corporal of the guard conducting the picket, and riding between them the silent culprit. Captain Neal sprang to his feet.

"Where in thunder have you been, Charley? We never expected to see you alive."

"Oh, that's all r-right, capt'n. I've been over to see the J-Johnnies. Here's a l-letter for you."

"Is he crazy?" muttered Captain Neal, as he took the letter to the light of a smouldering fire.

"Captain Neal, Battery Q. Politeness of Charley."

The letter conveyed the compliments of Captain Robert Chew to Captain Neal, stating in brief the service Charley had rendered, and begging the captain to see that the bundle of clothing was delivered as directed.

In five minutes half the battery was awake and crowding around the hero of the adventure.

"These things must be delivered at once," said Captain Neal, in his short, nervous way. "The trains are marching. Charley will have to move with us to-night. Look here, Mink, can Charley ride your horse?"

"Of course," said Mink. "He can ride the devil, once put him in the saddle."

"Have him saddled, then," said the Captain, "and strap that bundle behind as taut as a sail in the wind. Order both buglers to saddle. Ho, Dick! Where are you? Put the saddle on Black Prince. We will execute this little commission in state," said the captain, walking nervously back and forth on the turf. "And all honor to Charley!"

The boys howled with delight.

When the horses came up, the two natty buglers sitting erect and silent, sniffing the fun like their mounts, Captain Neal turned to Charley:

"You are going to ride with me, young man. I expect you to stick to my off stirrup like a chestnut burr to a sheep's wool. Do you understand?"

"I understa-sta-stand," said Charley, "you bet."

The boys held the curb of Mink's mettlesome chestnut until stirrup and rein were adjusted to Charley's satisfaction; then the captain swung himself into the saddle.

Three cheers and a tiger were given for Charley Fitch as the snorting horses sprang forward over the turf. The captain turned out of his way to leap a log or a ditch, but Charley, with his telescope cap clawed down to his lopping ears, was square with his elbow, never before and never behind; and the silent buglers were plunging after them, keeping a mathematical interval, with their chins in the air, their elbows squared, and their brazen bugles flashing from the small of their backs. Over a ridge and down a bank they shoot, out on to the silent turnpike, white in the moonlight, four sets of hoofs ringing on the hard road-bed. To Charley it is the proudest moment of his life as he glances between the sharp ears of the leaping chestnut, and then twists his eyes and mouth on the glittering shoulder-knots of the captain.

"You ride like a brick," said the captain, drawing rein for the first time.

"The boys th-th-thought I was a fool," said Charley.

"Tom Brown was shot to-day," said the captain. "Would you like his team?"

"Yes, captain, I would. Will ye le-let me?"

"If you think you could take a new uniform and keep it clean."

"By gum!" cried Charley; "I'll be the biggest dandy in the b-battery!"

"Then you shall have it, my boy," said the captain; "and here we go."

And away they tore in the yellow moonlight, until they were close upon the moving lights under the hospital tree. The silent buglers took the panting horses. The captain loosened the bundle of clothing, and handed it to Charley.

The wretched company had increased its circumference under the tree, but Charley picked his unerring way among the wounded until he reached the little circle of gray coats.

"Lew Chew!" cried Charley.

"Here," said the young Virginian, raising his sound arm, and looking out of the shadows at his strange visitor and at the tall officer following.

"Here's the things yer b-brother sent," said Charley, laying the bundle beside him. "I told him you c-couldn't come to marry the pooty gal."

"Have you seen my brother?" cried the happy boy. "God forgive me, I didn't understand you!" And he was wringing Charley's hand.

"Yes," said the captain; "he has been through the lines. Heaven only knows how he did it! Here is the letter your brother wrote me. Keep it while I go and see what can be done for your comfort."

The poor wounded boy could hardly believe he was awake; it was all too good to be true. During the captain's prolonged absence, Charley dilated on the scenes and events of his passage across the lines, and his short sojourn in the Confederate battery, with wonderful volubility for him, and with involuntary girations and convulsions and grimaces, which were by no means the cause of the happy Virginian's half-hysterical glee. The wounded arm was not to be amputated.

"You are a brick," cried the Virginian, wringing Charley's hand for the twentieth time.

And then came the other brick, Captain Neal, with the chief surgeon in tow, and two muscular hospital nurses.

"We have no use for bridegrooms-elect," said the doctor. "Let's rob the government this time, and send him back by the same underground road." Then to the bearers, "Bring that man carefully out of the crowd."

"Now hold the lantern here." It is the captain speaking. "Here is your parole; sign it. We believe you will keep it like an honorable gentleman until you are notified

of your official exchange; and here is a letter to your brother."

The letter conveyed the compliments of Captain John Neal to Captain Robert Chew, and congratulations to the bride-elect.

The wounded prisoner was lifted into the saddle by Bugler Ohld, who walked at his side. He was sent down the tunnel of green on the worthless gray, and before marching-time in the morning the old horse came back with Captain Chew's card nailed to the empty saddle.

For five days of merry fighting the rejuvenated Charley, in a brand-new uniform, sat his led-team blinking and grimacing at the fiery shells dealing destruction about him. On the sixth he presented himself before the captain, heels together and head up. Sitha Charley: "It ain't m-my fault, capt'n. I know I ain't ornam-m-mental on a led-team. Guess I better go back an' clean up old Spence. He ain't no good the way he is."

THE BORDER-LAND.

Nature is shy of the true love I bear;
Smiles at me gently, but keeps coy defence;
Says me soft Nay when I would have a share
In her warm heart and her sweet confidence.

My step is light, my mood is reverent,
In the wide fields, the woods. But jealous sight
The shrinking wild life has, and subtle scent—
A squirrel chatters out his foolish fright,

A quail starts up with panic-stricken whir;
A bluebird fends me with his bright wings spread,
His blithe call hushed; a busy woodpecker
Holds wary silence at my wistful tread.

The whispers of the leaves that swell and fall,
The speech of creeks that run and winds that blow,
The chiming plaint of the warm rain, and all
The voices of the glad earth—I would know

What are the grave and kindly words they say,
What the high meanings which now far, now near,
Hold me intent and keen, and mock alway
My listing senses and my straining ear.

Nature is shy of the true love I bear.
But I have glimpsed her face and touched her hand,
And I shall bide, and find contentment there,
A happy haunter of her border-land.

Emma A. Opper.

THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSION.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

It takes a great deal to disturb the desperate routine of the business life in down-town New York. A third alarm of fire cannot do it; nor a mass-meeting on Wall Street itself around the steps of the United States Treasury building; and the Old Guard can march and countermarch around the City Hall for an hour, and not draw even the clerks from their ledgers. But last week the attempt to kill one of the men who regulate this rushing routine of down-town New York threw the lower point of the island into a panic and put a stop to business. It drew bankers into the street in their office coats, stopped their messengers with thousands of dollars in the black bags they were carrying to the banks, sent mobs up against the newspaper bulletins, and made the newsboys the centre of changing groups of feverish, excited, and frightened men.

It was an explosion that was heard for two and a half miles in New York city, and that was felt in every money market of the civilized world. What it meant to New York was shown by the way city editors, who hold the pulse of the city's interests, covered it in their different papers. For on the morning after, the death of an ex-Emperor who had ruled an empire as large as the United States, and who had made himself great by freeing thousands of slaves was recorded in a half-column, while the escape of Russell Sage, a man who had made himself a millionaire, overflowed several pages. It has been so carefully told that it is an old story to-day, and almost every one, whether he be a millionaire with a sympathetic feeling of uneasiness towards strange visitors, or the day-laborer who can be thankful for once that he is not the bondholder he rails against, knows all the details. But for the reader who looks back over these pages in the future it must be chronicled, however briefly, here.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.

On December 4th, Mr. Russell Sage had an appointment with Mr. Charles E. James at his (Mr. Sage's) office, in what is known as the Arcade building, a rat-trap of a nest of offices on Rector Street and Broadway, directly opposite the church and graveyard of Trinity Church. Mr. Sage's offices are on the second floor, looking out on Rector Street, and across it into the graveyard. There are two offices—a general office and Mr. Sage's private office. Mr. James, who had the appointment, arrived on time at twelve o'clock, and was shown into the private office. As he passed into it, he noticed a man waiting in the first and larger room, sitting on one of the chairs reserved for visitors, and with a black bag on his knees.

Mr. James did not notice anything remarkable in the appearance of the man. He wore a high hat, had a light brown beard, and altogether seemed a tolerably well-dressed and ordinary-looking business man. In the waiting-room there was also a young clerk, Frank Robertson, who was employed by W. M. Imbrie & Co. He had come to transact some business, and had in his hand a certified check for $9000. He told the cashier what his business was, and sat down until he could be attended to, by the stranger with the satchel. Behind the glass partition which separates the waiting-room from the cashier's quarters were Colonel John J. Slocum, Mr. Sage's brother-in-law and cashier; Mr. B. F. Norton, a clerk; Mr. F. J. Menzie, a stenographer; Mr. W. R. Laidlaw, a clerk for John Bloodgood & Co. In the bookkeeper's room beyond was Mr. Charles W. Osborne, the bookkeeper for Mr. Sage. While young Robertson and the stranger with the satchel were sitting in the waiting-room, Mr. Sage entered there, and spoke for a moment to Colonel Slocum. Then he returned to his private office, where he greeted Mr. James. A few minutes later the man with the satchel went to one of the little holes in the glass partition, and asked Mr. Menzie to please say to Mr. Sage that a gentleman with a letter from Mr. Rockefeller wished to see him. Mr. Menzie took in the message, and Mr. Sage, excusing himself for a moment to Mr. James, told Mr. Menzie to send the man in. The man, still holding the satchel in his right hand, entered. He unbuttoned his overcoat and undercoat, and handed a type-written letter to Mr. Sage. This letter said, in a wild and rambling way, that unless Mr. Sage gave the bearer at once $1,250,000, the whole building would be blown to atoms with a dynamite bomb.

THE EXPLOSION.

Mr. Sage read the letter, and looked up at the man. There was a light in the eyes of the man which made Mr. Sage feel sure that he was dealing with a madman. He slowly put the letter back into the envelope and handed it to the man, who put it in his pocket and buttoned his coat. Mr. Sage smiled at his visitor, and said that he was engaged just then, but if the man would see him later, he would try to arrange it.

"It would take some time for me to collect so much money as that," he said.

"I must have it at once," said the man with the bag, and he spoke with great earnestness, and went on to rehearse the statements set forth in the type-written document which the millionaire had read. As he spoke, he advanced a little nearer to the open door of the partition in which Mr. Sage was standing. No one knows just what happened then.

Some say that the man drew a bright object, which might have been a revolver, from his pocket and threw it at the bag, which he had dropped on the floor; others say he fired at the bag; and still others tell how he tossed the bag up towards the ceiling. One cannot expect them to know or to remember much of what happened. There had been no loud talking between Sage and the visitor, and these others were going on about their general duties, when Robertson, who had seen this bright object, and thought it a pistol, cried "Murder." And then the floor rose up under their feet as though the planks were spring-boards, and they were driven deaf and blind by an explosion that wrenched the walls and partitions and desks and ceiling from their places, and that was heard two miles away. Two of these men, who were in the very heart of it, were blown into pieces as completely as were the Sepoys from the mouths of cannon; and the others were thrown on their backs, and one hurled half-naked through a window to the pavement two stories below.

The force of the explosion did not spend itself in Mr. Sage's rooms, but wrecked the whole front of the building. It threw a safe on the third floor on its face, and wrenched men and women on every floor from their feet, and kept them lying blinded and choking with the dust of the falling plaster and the hail of splintered wood and tangled wires. The panic that followed was as terrible as the actual danger that led to it. Men trampled on one another, and the few women in the place jumped from windows and down from one stair landing to another, and ran yelling and screaming into the open street, and from every side came thousands to meet them. A panic on Wall Street was the next wildest scene of the sort that New-Yorkers have ever witnessed.

Morosini, the broker, in trying to escape through an open window became fastened between two bars, and his clerks crowding behind him kept him there. Washington Connor ran to another window, and was warned back by the people in the street below. George Gould came out in his shirt sleeves "more frightened than hurt," as he said later, and the fire-escapes were black with the mob of clerks falling over one another, and then hanging and dropping to the street. And in the centre of this shattered and emptied building the fragments of the madman who had hurled the bomb and himself into eternity lay in bleeding, moving bits of flesh.

It was not empty long. The mob came back again with a rush; their lives were safe, and their second thoughts were for the money in the building and the securities that represented money. They met Mr. Sage coming down the stairs, calm and cool but covered with dust, and with his clothing torn and blood running down his face. Mr. Connor was leading him by the arm, but Mr. Sage was much the cooler of the two. He had pointed out one of the bodies on the floor as Connor helped him to his feet, and had said: "That is the man who did it. You can tell him by a type-written letter in his pocket." He was mistaken in this, for it was at his clerk he had pointed; but it shows the coolness of the man.

HOW SOME PEOPLE ACTED.

One would think, after one's life had been attempted and spared, one's first words would not be directed towards identifying the would-be assassin. But Mr. Sage is a collected and clear-headed gentleman, and that is the reason he is a millionaire, while others are not. His calm in the heat of a panic in which he was the most interested is worth recording. So also is that of a reporter on the *World*, who was in the building at the time of the explosion, and who picked himself up off his knees, and ran through the demolished building looking for a telephone, which he found in Mr. Sage's own office, saved from the general wreck, and through which he called up his city editor, unmindful of the dead bodies back of him, except as of news interest, and of those who were alive, and who were falling over one another in their mad haste to escape. This illustrates the ruling passion strong in death, and makes much more profitable reading than what "a prominent broker" was eating at the time of the explosion, and what he deigned to think of it. It is also well to note the conduct of a Miss Fanny Brand, a type-writer, who was thrown, with her machine on which she was working, across the room. The young woman picked up the papers she had been given to copy, and an armful of books from which she had been making extracts, and came down stairs with them clasped in her arms. Those who are careful of the little things they have been given to do should be remembered, and should have their salaries raised. Another interesting feature of the accident was the conduct of the police. One rather expects a lot of young clerks and older business men who have money at stake to lose their heads at such a time, and to climb up over the iron railings around Trinity Church, and forget themselves so far as to balance on the gravestones. They did this, and they filled the street, except when fire-engines and ambulances passed, for three blocks away.

But one may look to the detective and police force to rise to an occasion of this sort, and to be equal to it. But one looked in vain on Friday.

It was rather interesting to see how the responsibility and the suddenness of the emergency found some of the men whose business it is to protect us ready and willing, and how it set others beside themselves. There was "Si" Rogers, for instance, a man you have often seen at big public balls, and who lunches at the second window every day at down-town Delmonico's. He is a fat, stout, solemn-looking gentleman, and is the best detective, perhaps, in New York. He and Detective-sergeant McCluskey had charge of the Wall Street end of the service on Friday, and were just outside the building. They went into it before the people were out of it, and ran for the securities and open safes. Their business was not with mangled bodies or possibly escaping madmen. Their instructions were to protect the property of bankers and brokers, and they went at that, and gathered up the scattered bonds, closed the safe doors, and asked, after that was done, what had happened.

AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

The scene inside the building shortly after the explosion would have interested a student of human nature. The firemen were sweeping up the dust with office brooms as methodically as though it was their own station-house, the police were red in the face and waving their clubs, and the business men were gazing around at their wrecked desks and oak partitions and giving their experiences and initials to groups of reporters. What was left of the madman lay at the top of the stairs in a fire-net, one of those nets used to catch people who jump from burning buildings. There was a head and pieces of clothing and torn bloody limbs, and these, mixed with plaster and laths, drew hardly a glance from the frightened business men or any one else except from the coroner's people, who stood around it gloating with pride. Inspector Byrnes felt the responsibility of his office very keenly. He did not show that sphinx-like calm that the reporters love to paint, but howled when he spoke, and was as excited and amusing as any man is who handles something too large for him. The place looked as though a field battery had fired into it.

The floors shook under one's feet, and gaping holes in the walls showed the whole length of the building. Bills of exchange and mucilage bottles and ledgers lay in little heaps on the floor, with photographs of some broker's yacht and some banker's new country house, and water-coolers and safes lay helplessly on the floor, rolled together into a democratic chaos.

Now that it is over and new window-panes have been put in the Arcade building, it is time to draw the inevitable moral. One week ago a woman well known socially in New York had a madman arrested for persecuting her with love-letters. She saved, possibly, her own life. In the same week Dr. Hall was fired at three times by another madman, at whose letters he had laughed; and then came this last madman and this terrible disaster in which innocent men go suddenly into space.

Of course Mr. Sage cannot be expected to arrest every madman who writes him letters, but he should. If Mary Anderson's mad lover had been put in jail he would not have committed murder; and if Sage's would-be assassin had been followed up in time there would have been no dynamite explosion in the city of New York. It is a false, wicked, and morbid sentiment which allows letter-writing madmen to run at large. Threatening letters should be answered in person by a policeman, and result in an inquiry on the writer's sanity before a board of physicians.

The hanging of Guiteau was a rather sorry recompense for the death of President Garfield; and had Roth been a better shot and killed Dr. Hall last week, his subsequent execution would not have altogether satisfied Dr. Hall's family or his parishioners. It is better to take madmen as seriously as they take themselves.

HOW I MET RUSSELL SAGE'S VISITORS.

BY JOHN ERNEST McCANN.

Up to two years ago this month I was a clerk in Mr. Sage's office for ten years. In that time many "harmless lunatics" wrote and came to see Mr. Sage. As my desk was between Mr. Sage's and the door, and as I was the first to see every letter that came to the office in all those years, it is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Sage was saved considerable annoyance. Once in a while I would show him a letter from one of these cranks, just to cheer him up, when he was disposed to feel pessimistic, and it always either made him laugh at its absurd demands or smile in pity at the pathos of it all.

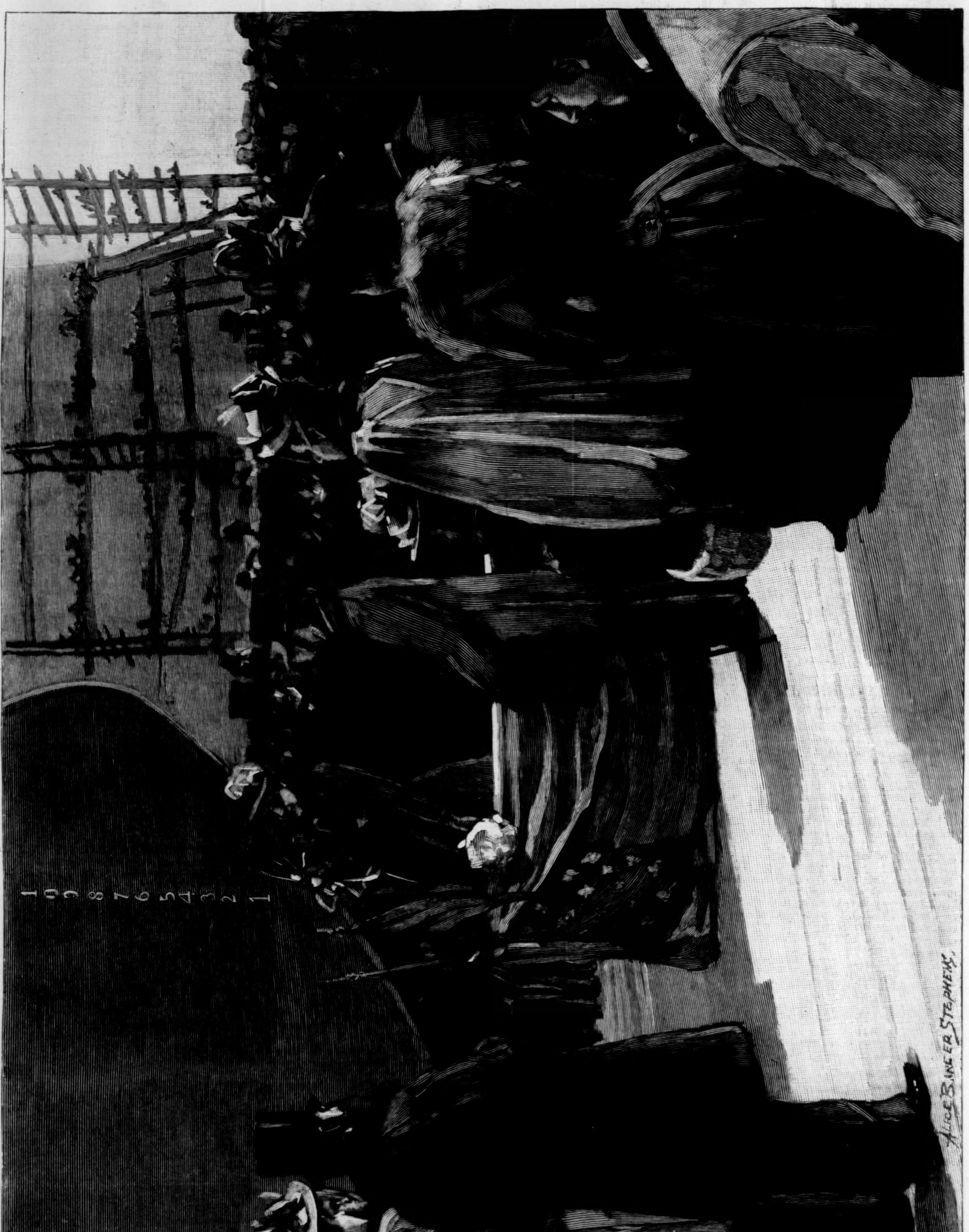
Once a letter came from Cape Town, South Africa, which was the most extraordinary ever seen in that office. The envelope was large, square, heavy, and of first-class material. The paper was of the best Irish linen, and the handwriting was copperplate. With all these signs of sanity, the request for $1,000,000 from Mr. Sage was couched in the choicest phraseology. The writer went on to say that he was the second richest man at the cape, and he was ambitious to be the richest. If Mr. Sage didn't want to send him the money then, instructions were given how to leave it by will in such a way that nobody could question the South African's right to the money. That made Mr. Sage laugh so long and loudly that the birds over in Trinity gathered on Alexander Hamilton's tomb in order to catch a few notes of the laughter. Of course no attention was paid to it. Then a very severe epistle came from the same man. That also went unnoticed. About four months after came another that was short, bitter, brutal, and murderous. I wonder if that South African's head is now in Inspector Byrnes's grip-sack?

Mr. Sage sometimes answered letters from really worthy strangers. His mail averaged about ten crank letters a day, and the cranks that put in an appearance averaged about ten a month. Sometimes they would wait for him in the hall, but his appearance seemed always to scare them off when he left his office for the Western Union building, for he looked like a bad man to attack, with his tall, well-knit frame, Roman nose, clear blue-gray eyes, and broad shoulders. But he wouldn't hurt a fly. He was as gentle as a woman.

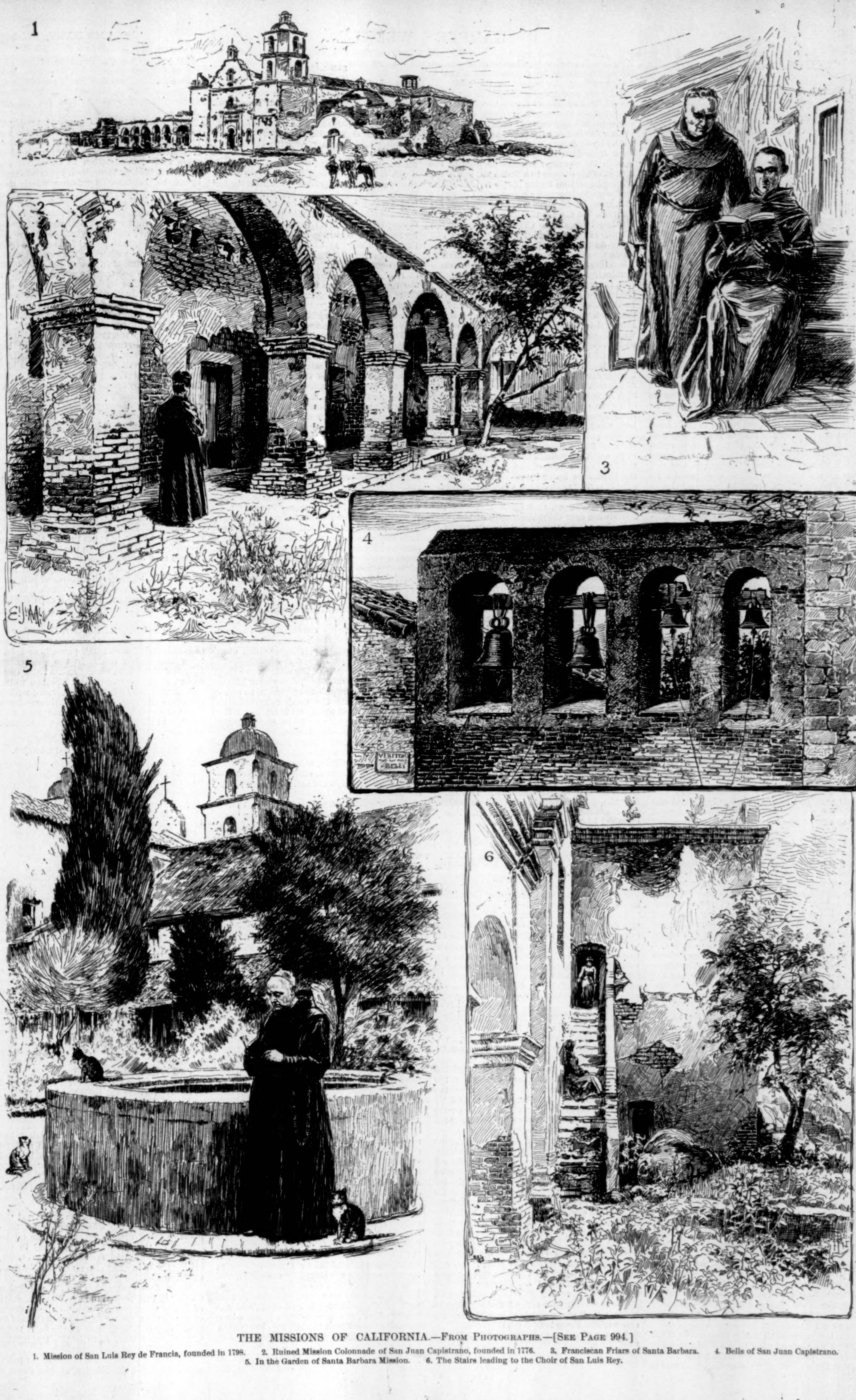
I showed him a begging letter one day from a little girl in the West, whose eye had been knocked out by her little brother in play. She wanted money with which to buy a new eye. Mr. Sage said that it was some grown crank back of the child, but that if I could prove to the contrary he would do something. So I wrote to the child, and told her what to do. When I showed Mr. Sage the two tintypes of the tot, before and after she lost her eye, he was convinced, and sent her the money, or part of it. Everybody wanted to chip in then, and the little girl got her eye.

The stand-and-deliver crank was not the only one that came to the old office. The invenor fiend and the crank with a scheme for revolutionizing railroad traffic were pretty numerous too. When denied admittance, nothing seemed to soothe their spirits and wounded honor until they were gently led down stairs, and told how very busy Mr. Sage was all the time, and how impossible it was for him to give his attention to anything not pertaining to his regular business. By that time I had the worst of them in a *café* in the basement of 71 Broadway. One drink and a cigar did the rest. Whether it was a sense of delicacy engendered in their breasts at my considerate generosity, or the quality of the whiskey they drank that kept them away forever after, I know not, but the same crank never turned up twice if he went once with me basementwards.

Had I been Mr. Sage's clerk last Friday, that bomb-thrower and I might have gone down stairs together, and the price of a drink and cigar would have prevented the horror that electrified the town.



THE CHRISTENING OF THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "NEW YORK."—Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens.—[See Page 1002.]



THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 994.]

1. Mission of San Luis Rey de Francia, founded in 1798. 2. Ruined Mission Colonnade of San Juan Capistrano, founded in 1776. 3. Franciscan Friars of Santa Barbara. 4. Bells of San Juan Capistrano. 5. In the Garden of Santa Barbara Mission. 6. The Stairs leading to the Choir of San Luis Rey.

THE MAN AT THE CRIB.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THERE must be men in Chicago whose fortunes make them envy even "the man at the Crib," but they cannot be numerous. It is for that very reason that the citizens generally weave a web of sentiment and romance about his life, and have constituted him their pet and their hero. His position is indeed a queer product of a city's growth, and he is unique among the municipal servants of the day. He is the attendant at the gates of the city's water service, and therefore he has to live out in the lake, as lonely as a light-house keeper; connected with the greatest bustle and stir that disturbs the heart of a continent, and yet keeping away from and in advance of it, like a sentry in front of a castle, or a scout ahead of an army. Every morning the city looks out upon the watery plain of Lake Michigan, and sees the Crib dotting the expanse, as a single kernel of corn might appear upon a well-swept barn floor. And the man at the Crib returns the gaze as the gray of dawn strengthens into the daylight that discloses the rank and file of the city's buildings edging the lake like an army that had been halted overnight.

The Crib is two miles and twenty-two rods off shore, in front of the city. It looks a little like a light-house from the shore, and like a fortress from closer by. It is in reality a house built upon a great stone well, and its use will be understood when it is known how Chicago gets her water supply from Lake Michigan. An inclined tunnel is built from that point under the lake in such a way that its incline is toward the city. It ends under the water-works at a level several feet lower than that of the lake. There it is pumped up into a tower, so that it may provide its own pressure for distributed house service as it flows through the city's mains. In what is called "the Crib," out in the lake, are the cylinders which lead down to the two tunnels that run to the city. One is an iron cylinder, 9 feet in diameter, leading 31 feet down to the bigger tunnel of the two, which is 7 feet in diameter. The other is a smaller cylinder leading to a 5-foot tunnel. These cylinders are in reality the gates of the tunnels, for the water is taken from just beneath the surface of the lake.

The Crib is one of the sights of the visitors to Chicago, and, like our Governor's Island or our Goddess of Liberty, is reached by small steamers that carry passengers out and back every half-hour. The sail is at all times, when the weather is fine, a delightful ride; but in summer, when it offers an escape from the heated masonry of the city to the cool breezy surface of the big blue lake, it provides one of the greatest treats enjoyable by the Chicagoans. I made the trip on a summer-like September afternoon, with a tugload of country folk, domestics, children, and school-girls. A great part of the Federal navy upon the inland lakes chanced to lie at anchor in the offing, and added to the interest in the voyage. The squadron consisted of a revenue-cutter and the old side-wheel steam sloop of war *Michigan*. She was neat and trim in all her lines, and she was not a whit too old-fashioned to suggest the vessels that bore our flag upon the salted seas not many years ago.

We passed beside the slender bulwark that has been lengthened out into the lake to protect the mouth of the Chicago River, and landed at a high wall of timber loaded with stone, which forms a breakwater around the fort-like Crib. The Crib was found to be a hexagonal structure of masonry surrounded by a narrow waterway enclosed within the breakwater. Happily, the man at the Crib was there. It would have been a strange freak of fortune not to have found him, since, as we shall see, he seldom leaves his hollow island. The boatload of passengers walked aimlessly about the top of the sea-wall, or stared at the dim and hazy outlines of the distant city. A few pieced together the joints of their fishing-rods, and prepared to join the silent company of anglers whose legs hung over the edge of the wall like the tattered remnants of a fringe. I went with Captain Charles Magee, the man at the Crib.

He is a hale, bluff ex-mariner, now past sixty years of age, but so hearty and sound that his appearance belies his years. He looks like a sailor, and tells his visitors that he lived upon the cold, foggy, treacherous, and cruel lakes from the time he was thirteen years old until he became a man of the middle age. He proudly exhibits his Crib, and may well do so, since he not only keeps it as neat as a pin, but loves to deck it with flowers besides. It has been his home more than eleven years. It is only the first story that looks like a stone fort. Above that is the captain's dwelling—a story of brickwork—and then the light-house lantern surmounts that. The first story into which the captain leads his visitors proves merely a massive shell of masonry around a broad well. Out of that rise those great thirsty mouths of Chicago—the cylinder gates of the tunnels; and here one sees boxes of flowers that cheer the scene even for chance callers. Who can estimate how much they embellish and gladden the lives of the handful of humanity that clings to that stonework year in and year out?

In the summer-time the man at the Crib moves in a social circle that comprises his wife, his daughter, and a man who acts as his assistant. It is in the winter that his kingdom is swollen to what he considers imperial dimensions, for then he has six men to help him keep the ice out of the well. Although the port-holes which let in the water are 12, 18, and 24 feet below the surface, ice nevertheless crowds in through them, and the captain's assistants have all they can do at times to fish out the cakes and wheel them to the breakwater's edge, there to dump them back again into the lake. The captain says that in the summer seasons he goes to the city as often as once in a fortnight, but in the winter he seldom leaves his post. When the ice forms, he becomes a prisoner. For weeks at a time, he says, he sees nothing from his quarters but the ice that hems his island in. He has been at the Crib as long as seven months at a time without going ashore. The never-dormant newspapers of the city sometimes set afoot the story that he is starving, when there has been a long break in the communication between the city and the island. But the captain says he has never wanted food since he became the man at the Crib. In the late autumn he gathers a store of all the winter's necessaries, except fresh meat. For that he depends upon a tug that comes when it can, burdened with meat, milk, eggs, and vegetables. It also brings the latest issues of the newspapers, for which he has been longing as only a man so placed can hunger for tidings of a world of which most of his reckonings have been lost. That tug also comes, like a nineteenth-century angel of steam and steel, to warm his heart with the evidence that he has not lost the place he long has held in the city's affections. Even in that hubbub and whirl, where too many persons fancy they see only selfish greed, there are kindly souls who sympathize with the lonely gate-keeper, and perhaps magnify the hardships he endures. These admirers send him fruits and cigars, literature, flowers, and whatever else they think will help ease his imprisonment, and show him that his friends are ever thinking kindly of him.

Perhaps these thoughtful friends, who are hidden from him under the bank of soft-coal smoke that he looks upon as Chicago, do not always magnify the hardships of the man at the Crib. A few words he let fall about an adventure last winter suggests the thought that it may be hard at times to overestimate his need of sympathy. One day last winter his wife was taken ill, and he carried her to the city in his sail-boat. That was on a Tuesday morning, and a north gale was blowing. As the gale continued, he could not return until Saturday. For some reason his daughter, a girl of seventeen or eighteen, was left alone at the Crib. When he returned he found that during his absence she had experienced a narrow escape from death. She had been passing from one door to another by the only avenue there was for making the journey—an out-of-door pavement around the second story of the Crib. A sea leaped over the breakwater, and catching her with all its bulk, flung her against the coping which rails in the gallery. She was badly bruised, but no bones were broken. To guard against a repetition of that mishap the gallery is now enclosed with framework. But there is "plenty of leeway," as the sailors say, for other adventures every year on that lonely artificial island in the lake.

THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY AUGUSTE WEY.

MEXICO welcomed the coming Grayfriars as she sped the parting Jesuit.

The subsequent founding of the twenty-one Franciscan missions in California was in each case a doubly picturesque ceremonial, involving a salvo to the King and an invocation to the Creator. In what is known as the mission system, representing the policy of Spain under Carlos III., his Visitador-General, Galvez, and Padre Junipero Serra, the priests stood directly to the Indian neophytes in *loco parentis*.

The decreed death of this system by secularization, carried out in 1836, legislated the missions into pueblos, the Indians into ex-neophytes, and the padres into curates without temporal power.

Practically the new system converted the missions not into incipient cities, but the more or less complete ruins of to-day; the curates, in many cases, into martyrs at their posts; and the Indians into Esaus, with power to sell their birthrights for even less than the acorn porridge of their ancestors.

In their prosperity these establishments were temples of worship, raised by priests, neophytes, and soldiers, father presidents and officers laying the mortar with their own hands; cities of refuge, and often, in the beginning, courts of justice; state treasuries and storehouses; hospitals; military stations capable of complete defence against Gentile Indians; Spanish *fondas*, or inns, with travellers' orchards and good wine, where might be met every paintable type journeying on the Camino Real from Guatemala to San Francisco; conservatories of music; seats of learning; and centres of industry, wherein were tried individual capacity by methods which would have delighted Froebel himself.

We are living in a sort of literary Renaissance, which gives ample recognition to the order of St. Francis of Assisi.

Who will come to us and *paint* Father Crespi carrying the wild Castilian roses in whose petals he foresaw a new Castile? When will Art claim "Our Italy"?

SAN LUIS REY.

San Luis Rey de Francia—one of the two royal establishments—disputed the palm in wheat, cattle, sheep, and Indian souls with San Gabriel, acknowledged queen, and in 1827 was far in advance of every other mission. The eight bells of her tower in the morning and evening Angelus called 2869 Indians to prayer, labor, and rest, but, above all, she had conquered the "terrible mission death rate," which sent the neophytes back to the *monte*, her baptisms outnumbering her deaths. Travellers often see the arches of San Luis Rey by moon or star light, but "tourists" more commonly pass it by, and setting out to reach it from New York would be more like securing a ticket for Baalbec than anything else perhaps possible in American travel. Sold by its governor in 1846, occupied by the "Mormon Battalion" in 1847, its spoliation, even to its roof tiles, the theme of a thousand recitals, the burial of its bells a secret for future revelation, San Luis stands apart upon the king's highway hedged about with a king's divinity.

When in encompassing the world Sir Francis Drake found himself in the neighborhood of San Francisco, he ordered religious services of prayer and chanted psalms to prove to the awe-stricken Indians that the English were but creatures of the everlasting God, and not gods themselves. These Indians, whose first demand thereafter was an entreaty for music, represented the hunger for expression which was satisfied later by the Catholic Church when they were received into it as acolytes, choristers, and musicians. During the triumph of the mission system the sacred orchestras consisted of violins, viols, flutes, trumpets, drums, and cymbals played by neophytes in the choir lofts, and drilled by patient padres like Father Ibañez at Soledad, or Father Sancho at San Antonio, who put in "the rainy season" preparing books of music for his neophytes.

Up and down this old staircase of San Luis Rey went such musicians, carrying the scores of Kyrie, Qui tollis, and Gloria, whose notes were often red instead of black—a piece of *sauvagerie* which may have lent a new spirit and intensity to the mass itself.

GRAVEYARD, SAN LUIS REY.

The floors of the Franciscan missions over which we so lightly or devoutly walk are mortuary pavements covering the coffined and uncoffined dead. The sanctity of consecrated walls was a privilege valued even beyond that of consecrated ground.

At the foot or side of the altar where they had chanted the mass the priests were laid in death. With scrupulous adherence to order of precedence lie the dead congregations about and beyond them; their burial on the "gospel" or "epistle side" as scrupulously recorded in the mission books.

Here those whom chance has brought together within four walls—gobernadór, Indian-fighter, alcalde, virgin, alferez, comisionado, wife, mother, patrona, child, mayordomo—await the last judgment and a glorious resurrection.

Next to extreme unction, the dearest privilege of both Christian Indian and gente de razón was the being borne to the grave in a cast-off gray habit of the friars. Accordingly, under the centre of the church at Soledad lies Governor Arrillaga, whose last will contained a recorded belief in the Trinity, and a request to be shrouded in the Franciscan robe; and in it also, as written down in the books of Buenaventura, lies Fabian, a neophyte honored with such burial by Padre Señan.

Outside the mortuary pavements lay the mortuary fields. Here one may still read the stereotyped "Aqui reposan los Restos" (here lie the remains) or the imploring injunction "Rogad por Ella!" (pray for her) upon the gravestone of some dead Spanish Francisca or Dolores; but the royal days of San Luis, when in the celebration of All-Souls the Indians went among these graves with votive flowers and lighted tapers, were part of the feudalism of the padres, and died with the mission system.

We have sketches and descriptions of this mission by Robinson, by Duhant-Cilly in 1827, and Duflot de Mofras in 1841. Here the former was received, his spurs removed, and horse unsaddled by Indian servants, and the traveller's cup of chocolate offered. Here he heard the neophytes supplicate the Virgin in the Rosario, and noted the massive candelabra lighted at the mass. Duhant-Cilly mentions the Indian village of straw huts north of the mission, its gardens and reservoirs. Mofras describes the routine from the sunrise Angelus to the dance at evening after work was done.

The long corridor in front was supported by thirty-two massive arches, and ornamented with latticed railings. Five of these may still be seen in the engraving. The side colonnade had 256 arches, and the enclosed court, with its fountain, was a rendezvous for the trades and arts, each superintended by an alcalde, who in turn was subject to the mayordomo appointed by the padre.

The church, of the usual cruciform design, built of unhewn stones and adobes, formed part of a quadrilateral, and contained the image of its patron saint—that Louis whose French crown lies at his feet as an attribute, while in his hand he holds the crown of thorns.

Founded by President Lásuen in 1798, the glory of San Luis Rey will ever be identified with Father Antonio Peyri, in charge of it for over thirty years. His departure from the embarcadero of San Diego was like the pushing off of Quetzalcoatl in his wizard skiff of serpents' skins from the adoring Aztecs.

The ride of the five hundred neophytes over the forty-five miles which separated him from them is something to put in verse—their arrival as the vessel was weighing anchor, their wild determination to swim out and bring him back by force, their broken-hearted return to the doomed mission which they had built together, their subsequent worship of his portrait, and belief in his return, all these things are part of our prose. Four of them reached the vessel, and were taken by him to Rome; one such, Luiseño, there became a priest, and probably suffered from that *Heimweh* which is reserved for the travelling Californian.

San Juan Capistrano, the priest who in *bonete* and *sotana* walks in the roofless corridor of San Juan Capistrano, where once the Franciscan paced in cord and cowl, is curate, according to Richard Henry Dana, of "the only picturesque spot in America." It is also a spot as tragic as any in our history.

We have still, through the labors of Father Boscana and the translation of Mr. Alfred Robinson, a veritable Veda of the Indians who inhabited this pueblo site, and were Christianized by the padres, who found them worshipping Chinigchinich in the circular vanquech, and dancing before a coyote-skin stuffed with arrows.

Working under the ban of this adored and feared god, who had expressly foretold to them overwhelming disaster, disease, and death upon the breaking of his law and desertion of his worship, these Indians, perhaps at once fascinated and repelled by the ceremonial, music, pictures, and cuisine of the new religion, built, under the instructions of a master-mason imported from Culiacan, the church structure ranking first of the twenty-one missions, arching into a domelike roof, cement and what to some proved their own gravestones gathered from the arroyos.

Here they worshipped for six years in security, though many a capitanejo and neophyte, who had, through tortures of pain and thirst, seen his protecting "touch" in the vanquech, may have trembled even during the imperfectly understood elevation of the Host.

On the morning of Sunday, December 8, 1812, during mass, the bell tower under the dreaded temblor swayed, paused, and fell upon the arched roof. In the succeeding minute "ponderous cross," saints from their niches, avenging stones, and frescoed walls, consecrated bells meeting consecrated wafers and candelabra from the altar—all came down together upon the Indian worshippers, and the first of the mission churches was the ruin of to-day.

THE BELLS OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

Thus what the Legenda Aurea represents Lucifer as foiled in by the helplessness of the Powers of the Air about the spire of Strasburg Cathedral was successfully accomplished by the Powers of the Earth at San Juan Capistrano, whose bells are secondary in interest to none in the world.

They were prepared for the horrors of 1812, El Año de los Temblores (year of earthquakes), by their previous tragic history.

In 1774, the establishment of a new mission between San Diego and San Gabriel being decided upon, Fray Amurrio and Fray Lazuen left Monterey under an escolta, carrying (says Padre Palou) "the necessary articles." On the present site of San Juan they had already built a ramada chapel, and must have rung for matins and vespers when the news of the massacre at San Diego arrived by special messenger. The fathers, taking the advice of the lieutenant of the guard, staid only long enough to bury the consecrated bells, and hastened to the scene of the tragedy which deprived the order of Fray Luis Jayme, who, rushing out of his hut to meet the Indians with the usual salutation, "Amad á Dios, hijos!" upon his lips, met the cruel martyrdom which gained for him the crown denied to but sought by St. Francis himself.

Two years later Serra, the great padre presidente, came from Monterey, proceeded to the spot where the bells had been buried, and with Frays Mugartegui and Amurrio founded the Mission of San Juan.

After nine years of devoted labor, the great church, finished in 1806 with a three days' dedication, marking an epoch in local history, bore aloft a bell tower dominating the arched roof, and demonstrated the capacity of the native builders to proud padres, capitanejos, and neophytes.

Very quietly now on *tierra firme* rest the tragic bells of San Juan Capistrano, temporarily hung upon a level with the adobe houses of the hamlet, praising God in the Angelus or Rosario, convening the clergy, calling the living, but also mourning the dead neophytes buried almost in their shadow.

Since the destruction of the mission church in 1812 proved to have been due more to faulty construction than to the violence of the earthquake, services have been held in a building adjoining the site, the bells hanging on such a level as to justify the injunction in the left of the engraving.

Let me commend as a mnemonic for patriotic Americans, the Mission of San Juan, it

having been founded in 1776, and its church destroyed in 1812.

Over the Umbrian Mountains, we are told by Mrs. Jameson, went St. Francis of Assisi, singing and praising God for all things—for the sun which shone above, for the earth his mother, and his sister the moon. And over the little hills of California and the spires of the Sierras went padre and neophyte together, by a beautiful coincidence (if all coincidence in history be not correlation), the former teaching the latter, whose religion was a worship of the sun and moon.

To the Franciscan Order we are indebted for the introduction of Christianity, the adaptation of a harmonious order of architecture, with its scheme of color and material (which seems to have "ordered out" the ruined missions for picturesqueness), the making of tiles and beginnings of weaving, horticulture exportation and trade; but after the first named, let us rank ever foremost its practical refutation of the argument of *dolce far niente* still advanced against us by belated thinking. The padres evolved a practicable *working* scheme in harmony with the regimen of St. Francis, and the since celebrated conditions of our atmosphere, proved by them favorable to labor, and an established routine.

Santa Barbara is the only mission still in the possession of the Franciscans.

CORRIDOR OF SANTA BARBARA.

Where the patronage of neither San Luis Rey de Francia nor San Fernando Rey de España seems to have been availing to stay appointed ruin, Barbara, devout pupil of Origen, patroness of artillerymen and of sailors in a storm, still holds fast that which was given her, and beneath its red tiles has made of her mission her tower and the stronghold of the order.

Many of the scenes in her old corridors are illuminations of history. Here were spread behind the Roman arches the long tables of a wedding feast which might have suggested to the guests that of Cana of Galilee before the coming of the Divine Galilean; here, shielded behind the massive pillars, the Indians, during the neophyte revolt of 1824, fought with guns and arrows against Captain Guerra and his command; and here, since the time of Father Tapis and Captain George Vancouver, have walked padres and visitadores discussing questions of polity, civilization, church, and state.

In the present corridor sits the Gray Friar whose cord and cowl represent to so many travellers the hospitality of the order—Father Joseph O'Keefe.

The saddle-horses of Santa Barbara must take their way to the mission of their own accord, while many a point in history or tradition disputed on the Arlington verandas has been arbitrated by the proposition to "drive over and ask Father O'Keefe."

A ROMANCE OF A CIRCUS.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

It was about four o'clock of one of the warmest July days I ever knew. The news forms, which the foreman had been holding open for the latest bit of crime or casualty or scandal that might happen within or without our little Western city of ten thousand sweltering souls, were at last locked up firmly and sent below.

Here and there I had been giving them a few finishing touches, and as I turned to wash my inky hands at the hydrant, the big press in the basement began to rumble and clack, while the chatter and scuffle and shouts of the carriers, who were waiting down there to receive their papers hot from the press, rose higher and higher, until it seemed that instead of one "devil," we must have a horde of them, and that they had converted the basement into an inferno.

It had been a hard day. I returned to the little office in front, and sank wearily into my chair. Since eight o'clock, in as few clothes as decency permitted, I had been staggering through slipshod copy, obscure telegraph, and villanous proof.

The intolerable heat had demoralized everything. The compositors had worked at their cases half naked and more than half asleep. The city man had come in with a meagre half-column, and dropped into a chair, wholly exhausted. The messenger-boys had dragged back and forth with the despatches, and it was evident from the latter that the men at the wires were getting through their work in the same manner. Yes, it had been a very hard day, harder than usual.

By-and-by a boy's clear voice in front shouted, "*Evening Tribu-u-ne! Evening Tribu-u-ne!*"

The paper was out at last. The hard day was ended.

The burning sun had slipped down behind the big hotel opposite, and people were beginning to stir about on the red-hot pavement that for over two hours had been nearly deserted. Later, crowded street cars began to pass, and soon the sidewalks were full of humanity coming from the same direction. The afternoon performance of The Great Eastern Combined Menagerie and Circus, whose tents were pitched in the outskirts of the city, was over.

I was putting on my hat to leave the office, when a rather fine-looking although somewhat emphatically dressed man, wearing a very large diamond stud, stepped briskly in and approached me with extended hand. This meant a complimentary mention of something or somebody, but I took it silently.

"Editor of the *Tribune*, I believe?"

I assented with a nod.

"Forbes is my name—Manager of The Great Eastern Combined shows. Our afternoon performance is just over. Your advertising for us was very satisfactory. We should be pleased to have you witness our entertainment this evening. Show bigger and better than ever. Look me up. Be glad to show you through." Then, as he hurried away, he pressed two narrow slips of pasteboard into my hand, which I accepted with a sigh, knowing that this called for a three-dollar notice in to-morrow's issue. Our city circulator came in just then, weary and miserable, so I gave him one of the passes; and after supper, when the air was a trifle cooler, I walked out to where the tents of The Great Eastern covered some half a dozen acres of ground.

It was the same old story. The eager and motley crowd; the flare of the kerosene torches; the hoarse voices of the fakers; the red wagon where the man sells tickets so rapidly that he doesn't always give quite enough change; the smaller tents of the side shows, with their flaming representations of the fat woman, the boa-constrictor, and the two-headed demon of the South Sea; and, in the centre of all, the big double canvas, with its circle of cages and its group of elephants and camels in one part, and its immense tiers of seats and its three rings and race-course in the other; while here and there about you stand the silent men whose daily lot it is to put up and take down and pack and move this wonderful affair, and to attend to the thousand and one menial duties connected therewith—the "white slaves" gathered from the gutter, from the farm, from the prisons, from everywhere, whose every aim in life has been merged into the one instinct of sullen obedience, whose pleasures are lower than those of the beasts they tend. Some among them, attracted as boys from the quiet walks of life by the tawdry tinsel, awakening to find it a sham and a mockery, ashamed to return to their homes, have lingered on until they are no longer capable of beginning another life.

As I loitered along the cages inside, wondering whether the tiger, the zebra, the mountain-goat, and all the rest were not thinking of their native jungle and plains and mountains, and despising this gaping crowd and these flaring lights, I felt a touch on my arm. It was Mr. Forbes, the manager.

"Ah! glad to see you. Great show, haven't we?"

"Yes, it is certainly very extensive."

"Take your time; plenty of time. Performance doesn't begin for twenty minutes yet. Rhinoceros; only living one in America. Cost three fortunes and as many lives to get him. Lioness and cubs. Look playful, don't they? Princess Louise; finest lioness in the world. Elephants—forty of them; more than all other shows combined. Scipio, largest elephant in America; very gentle. Booth, Hannibal, Marcus—all fine elephants, and gentle. Griffin, very large elephant; very savage. Don't go too close. Easily provoked; very treacherous. Men all afraid of him; killed two already." And so on, in short graphic periods.

By-and-by I went to where the crowd was now hastening, and took the reserved seat to which my ticket entitled me.

The grand entrée came on, with its whirl of color and its brilliant equestrian figures. Then there followed so rapidly performance in each of the three rings at once that one must have more than one pair of eyes to see it all.

In one a Japanese juggler is throwing knives; in another a pair of contortionists are twisting themselves into astonishing combinations. Directly in front and far above me, a large handsome woman in tights is walking a wire. There is something about her face that attracts me. I say to myself that she is made up, and a nearer view would probably show her to be coarse, dissipated-looking, and ill-favored. Still, I watch her; there is about her a different look from the others. Another is watching her too. It is one of the "white slaves," of which there are a number hurrying hither and thither resplendent in greasy red uniforms. He is standing a little to one side gazing up at her intently. I cannot see his face, but as she finishes her act, and swings down from the dizzy height, he steps quickly forward, and I notice, or I think I notice, just for an instant, that as he takes her hand, apparently to assist her, there is a glance exchanged between them, and a look of kindness that is almost a smile comes into her beautiful face; while her hand lingers in his, after her feet have touched the ground, a moment longer than seems necessary. Then she trips away, and the man, summoned to another quarter, is gone too.

The manager is passing, and I beckon to him.

"Who is the lady that has just finished the wire-walking?" I ask.

"Mademoiselle Lester. Magnificent, isn't she? She gets five hundred a week."

"And the man that helped her down? That one at the end—coming this way."

"Oh, Josh! Josh Morgan, one of the canvas hands. Good fellow. Been with us two seasons. Worships The Lester. All that keeps him."

"I should like to know more of him."

"Not much to tell. Joined us at Evansville. Ran away from the farm. Dazzled by spangles and gauze like lots of others. Got his eyes open in about three days. Would have quit if it hadn't been for The Lester. Spoke a few words to him one day. Saw he was green and innocent, and pitied him. That fixed him. Been her slave ever since. Last winter when we laid up, and The Lester was gone, never drew a sober breath. Keeps pretty straight now, but has bad spells. Never lets anybody else help her down. Boys call him Lester's pet. Very kind heart and pities him, that's all."

That was all. He did not need to tell me more. I saw only too plainly the story of the farmer boy dazzled by tinsel and gauze, awakening to find it all a sham, and his portion of it a cup of degradation. Resolved and yet ashamed to return to the farm. Overcome with remorse and disappointment, when suddenly the fairest of those enchanters, whom he has hitherto beheld only as from an immeasurable distance, stoops, and with a few magic words has cast about him a spell that he cannot undo, or wish to undo.

I would not like to assert that The Lester is a good woman. It is quite probable, in fact, that she is not. It is more than probable that she smokes, drinks whiskey, and uses bad language. Her ideas of virtue may or may not be very clearly defined. And yet, while these things are much, they are not *all* of life. From within her woman's heart there creeps out a ray of kindness that to the crushed manhood of Josh Morgan has become a beam of glory.

The next morning the old routine began again, and Josh Morgan and The Lester were forgotten. The days crowded rapidly upon each other, and August, hotter if anything than July, was upon us.

One afternoon the telegraph was coming in and the forms were rapidly filling, everybody was working in light attire, although we had become by this time somewhat accustomed to the temperature. As usual, we were holding the columns open for the latest bit of sensational news.

"Forms all full; no more space," called the "devil" at my elbow. At the same moment a messenger-boy laid a sheet of telegraph tissue before me. I glanced through it hurriedly.

FATAL ACCIDENTS.

"MARTINVILLE, COLORADO, *Aug.* 14*th*.—Two fatal accidents occurred in the Great Eastern Combined Shows at this place to-day. During the afternoon performance, Madame Lester, the celebrated tight-rope walker, made a misstep and fell, receiving injuries from which she died in a few minutes. Later in the day, one Josh Morgan, a canvas hand, in some manner provoked Griffin, a large and savage elephant, who attacked him furiously, killing him almost instantly. Madame Lester was one of the best-known artists in her profession. Morgan is supposed to have been drinking."

I called hastily through the open door to the foreman: "Here, Mort! Don't close that form yet. Take something out. This has *got* to go in!"

THE HEROINE OF MANIPUR.

MRS. GRIMWOOD, the widow of Mr. Frank St. Clair Grimwood, the British Commissioner who was murdered last spring in the palace of the Maharajah at Manipur in India, has written and published in London the story of her three years in Manipur, and her escape from the mutiny in which her husband was killed. One object of the book is to show that the series of official blunders which led to the mutiny were not the fault of Mr. Grimwood or his immediate official associate, Mr. Quinton, the Chief Commissioner. The government had decided to depose the ruling Maharajah and to instal another, and it became Mr. Grimwood's duty to arrest the ruling Prince, and notify him of the decree of banishment. When the Commissioner went to the palace to notify the Regent of his banishment, he was aware of the danger of his mission, which he soon saw could not be peacefully carried out. Mrs. Grimwood says that as soon as her husband returned to the Residency, she was aware that he had failed in carrying out his orders. The people in Manipur were greatly excited, and the palace filled with Sepoys. Immediately after Mr. Grimwood's return to the palace with Mr. Quinton, the Residency was attacked, and those there took refuge in the cellar. This attack stopped for a little while, during which time the Commissioners were murdered in the palace. Mrs. Grimwood did not know of the fate of her husband even when the second attack was made. Here is her account of it:

"It was about twelve o'clock at this time. I do not know how long I had been asleep, when I was awakened suddenly by hearing the deafening boom of the big guns again, and knew then that it was not to be peace. For a few seconds I could not stir. Terror seemed to have seized hold of me, and my limbs refused to move; but in a minute I recovered, and ran through the house down to the cellar again, where every one had become alive to the fact that all was over for us. Where was my husband? What had become of them all? This thought nearly drove me mad with anxiety."

While the people of the Residency were shut up in the cellar, Mrs. Grimwood made sandwiches for those who were fighting, and helped the surgeon in dressing the wounds of those who had been hurt. She says: "There were some terrible scenes in the cellar that night. I pray I may never see any more like them; but being able to help the doctor was a great blessing to me, as it occupied my attention, and gave me no time to think of all the terrible events of the day and the wreck of our pretty home." Before morning it was deemed best to retreat, and the soldiers, with Mrs. Grimwood, began the famous flight to Cachar. From two o'clock in the morning until far into the next night she marched with the others, bearing all sorts of hardships, and being continually fired upon by the Sepoys, who harassed the fleeing English and Goorkhas. At last they met a large body of Goorkhas, and knew that they were rescued. "I remember," she said, speaking of this, "some one asking me if I could make one last effort, and run down the line to meet them, as the firing was still going on, and some stray bullet might find its billet; and I remember getting up, with a mist in my eyes and a singing in my head, and running as I have never run before or since down the hill, helped along by two of the officers. I remember putting my foot on a stone, which rolled away from under it, and gave my ankle a wrench which sprained it, and turned me sick and giddy with pain; and I remember meeting Captain Cowley, and seeing his men rushing past me up the hill, and then I remember nothing more for some time. I did not faint, but I believe I sat down on the side of the road and sobbed, for the strain had been more than I could bear after all the horrors of the previous two days, and tears were a relief."

Mrs. Grimwood did not learn of her husband's death until she reached Cachar. "Well for me was it," she says, "that I was ignorant of my husband's fate. Had I known when I left the Residency that night that he and I were never to meet on God's earth, I never could have faced that march." The two officers, Captains Boileau and Butcher, who escaped with Mrs. Grimwood, have just been cashiered from the army because they did not make a further effort to rally the Goorkhas in Manipur before abandoning the Residency. When Mrs. Grimwood returned to England she had an audience with the Queen, and was decorated by her with the order of the Red Cross.

Florence Nightingale, Lady Dufferin, and Lady Roberts, who founded the schools for women doctors in India, also belong to this order.

Mrs. Grimwood's piano has just been forwarded to her from India, marked and cut by bullets. She has had a new case put on, so robbing it of its honorable scars. It is also said by the London press that the young heroine is to further eliminate the memory of her tragic experience by marrying again, a young captain of infantry having tried to persuade her that so plucky a woman should be a soldier's wife. And from the latest accounts she seems to agree with him.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN.

EARTHQUAKES are of so frequent occurrence in Japan that they are looked upon as a matter of course, and unless they are accompanied with a serious loss of life and destruction of property, the outside world hears little of them. Some of the earliest Japanese traditions are of extremely destructive earthquakes, and many fanciful tales are told of those which happened previous to the times of trustworthy historical records. But there are many authentic records of earthquakes which destroyed whole cities. The most serious of these disturbances in recent times was that of 1855, when, in Yedo, which was the centre of the quake, 14,241 dwelling-houses and 1649 fire-proof storehouses were overturned. In the last days of the past October there was a very serious earthquake about Gifu and Nagoya, and there was great loss of life and property. There were slight earthquakes on Sunday, October 25th, and these continued with increasing severity until the morning of the following Friday. During the last two days of the quake, 368 distinct shocks were felt and recorded. At Gifu the houses tumbled down and caught fire, and those people not caught in the ruins fled to the country and the hills; but in nearly every house it is reported that one or more unfortunate victim was caught. How great the loss of life has been has not yet been reported, but enough is known to place the loss at several thousands. When the first shock was felt at Gifu the up and down trains on the Takaido Railway were just meeting. The shock was accompanied by a rumbling sound, and the people on the train thought that there had been a collision. On looking out of the windows, however, they saw the station in ruins, and the water in a neighboring pond dashing violently from side to side. As the shocks continued, cracks in the earth were observed two or three feet wide, opening and closing. The shipping in the various harbors was very much injured, and one ship which recently arrived at San Francisco reported that when seventy miles at sea a violent shock was felt, the sea was lashed into a foam, the waves broke over the decks, and the maintopmast and cross-trees were lost. These disturbances at sea have been very common in previous earthquakes, and several times great ships in Japanese ports have had great difficulty in weathering such unaccustomed conditions.

THE MUSIC FOR THE

THE DANCE.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

A GARDEN AU MIDI.

BY HELEN WALTER.

I.

"THE garden is nice," said Mrs. Bonner, with the reluctant assent of a person who deals by preference in negatives. "Yes, it's nice, but I should never think of calling this Southern sun warm; it's bright, but it's thin. I'm disappointed in it."

The gentleman standing near the garden bench on which she sat called her attention to the fact that it was January, and that in Paris people were shivering in furs.

"Well, I'd just as lief shiver in furs as out of them," she replied. "This doesn't warm *me*. For my part, I think it's absurd for people to go about with white umbrellas, and to sit out-of-doors with such a basking air. They've simply all been deceived in coming to the Riviera, and now they keep up the deception among themselves in this ridiculous way. They're ashamed of the weather, that's what it amounts to, but they can't hoodwink *me*. I'm cold, and I know it. I've got cold chills running down my back this minute. You have such a vivid imagination, Lewis, that a swallow's enough to make a summer for you. I dare say the sight of those oranges growing over our heads puts you in a perspiration. They're as sour as they can be, I can tell you that."

The man laughed. "What do you say to that hedge of roses?" he asked.

"I pity it," said Mrs. Bonner, laconically.

There was so obviously nothing left of it after this that the subject was dismissed and a silence of several minutes ensued—a silence during which a warm breath of perfumed air came from the violet beds a few yards away. There was an old house in the garden, a long, low, plastered structure of several shades of yellow, with faded green shutters and a little melancholy air of gladness in the sun that made one think of a Southern beggar. There was an orange orchard at the side of the house, and some of the golden fruit lay in bright spots on the ploughed earth beneath the trees. Two or three date-palms spread their great bouquets in the air, a file of stunted leafless plane-trees bordered the white pebbly road in front of the welling, and a giant eucalyptus, high overtopping everything, reared its slender trunk unswervingly into the sky like a mast, and seemed to touch the cloudless blue dome above.

Before the house the flat garden stretched away for acres and acres in the sun—a garden of marketable produce, that is to say, a garden of violets and chiccory, of artichokes and roses. Away to the southeast there was a blue flash of the Mediterranean.

"Well, I must say," said Mrs. Bonner, "she does keep you waiting."

At this moment a young girl came out of the house. She advanced toward her friends, and began—and with a little breathless embarrassed air—to say a great many things at once. She was delighted to see them! Wasn't it very warm? How long had they been in Hyères? How did they like the old garden? She turned her head from side to side as she spoke with an evident disinclination to rest her eyes upon any particular object continuously, and her color came and went in flushes across her face. She was extremely pretty, her dark brown hair was drawn boldly away from her neck and forehead, and left her clear little features to take care of themselves. Her eyes were blue to match the sky, perhaps on rainy days they were gray.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Bonner, "we've turned up again, you see. We saw your name registered at the bank. How's your aunt? I mean Madame Antoine. I always forget you're no relation. What an extraordinary old house you're in? Do you think the drainage *can* be good? Mr. Bonner and I had *such* a time finding you. But you look well, I must say!"

Mrs. Bonner did not pause when the answers came. She continued, with a running accompaniment of questions and little shouts of surprise. She had the voice of a blue-jay. The effect was a tangle of laughter and meaningless words. Bonner held his tongue and looked on—that is, he looked steadily across at the young girl, who flushed, and laughed, and went through with a thousand little nervous changes of tone and gesture without once appealing directly to him. Her evident intention not to see him left him the freer to stare at her, and he did so unreservedly, smiling unconsciously when she smiled, and reflecting every shade that crossed her face on his own. When she laughed, which she did frequently, he laughed too, a little stupidly, without seeming to know why, but apparently feeling quite content to be unreasonably gay.

"We're just as imprudent as we can be," screamed Mrs. Bonner at last. "We're catching our deaths, I expect."

She started to her feet, shaking out her drapery, and giving a little false cough, with her hand on her lungs. They all rose then, and began with tacit consent to make a tour of the garden. Behind the house they stopped to look at the town which stretched away to the rear. A pink and yellow town lying in a warm plain—a town of bright hotels and villas, rising tier upon tier to look over each other's shoulders towards the sun, and clambering steeply backward from the plain up the side of a little peaked mountain, gray-green with cork and olive trees, and capped with a dilapidated castle that seemed to have been ruined from the beginning of time to fitly complete the picture. The view, with its dazzling lightness and vivid sky, had a look almost of unreality, a suggestion of a classic "scene" in a boudoir book.

"It reminds you," cried Mrs. Bonner, "for all the world of a chromo on a handkerchief box!"

II.

The house had formerly been a kind of invalid retreat for the religious. On the great faded portal of the garden you read, "Villa Sainte Vièrge." Madame Pons, in offering you her printed card, explained that its legend, "Pour Prêtres et Messieurs," applied only to *Sannée passée*. There was a little chapel in the garden, which since the days of the *réligieux* had remained closed, and resembled a Gothic stable or out-house. One of the paths which cut through the orange grove led to a shrine where there was a plaster figure of the blessed Virgin. But these were signs of the past. Madame Pons now opened her house to Trojan and Tyrian alike. She harbored a jocose, one-armed mariner—a Breton who had left his missing limb in the Crimea; a charming, asthmatic old abbé; a consumptive English officer on half-pay, a gentle young blind man, who found himself *un peu souffrant*, and who had been sent from Paris at the expense of an institution to feel, but not to see the Southern sun. For the rest, a stout Parisienne with beetle brows and pretensions, and a young American girl in blooming health.

Madame Pons regretted that these ladies were so much in minority, but what would you have? It took time for people to realize that her gates were open to all. Monsieur Pons, madame's husband, like young Monsieur George, was quite blind, he had not seen for twenty years. The house was not an institution, madame assured you, but it seemed naturally a house for the ill. One came to Hyères for one's health, as a rule. These ladies, were they suffering, *l'une ou l'autre*, she had inquired, with sympathy, of the Parisienne and her young friend on the day of their arrival.

No; they were not suffering, it appeared. They were simply come to see the South, and there seemed to be a great deal of it in the garden of the Villa Sainte Vièrge.

"Ah, yes!" said madame. "You will have the good sun, and you will be well nourished."

And so they came.

Madame Antoine, the Parisienne, had never been so far away from the boulevards before. She did not love travelling, but she was able to make sacrifices, and behold a great one that she had made for her young friend—she had turned her back upon Paris. They had made a great journey together; they would rest for a time now; they would rest in the sun. Madame Antoine took it for the most part with her eyes shut, like a cat.

She objected very much to walking. That is to say, she was capable of miles on a Parisian *trattoir*, but the country roads fatigued her. So she remained by preference in the garden for hours together, and she commonly held a yellow-paper volume in her hand—a volume in which she was never seen to read. On the day of the Bonners' visit, Madame Antoine had begged to be excused (she occasionally suffered with headache); but the following morning found her sufficiently recovered to take her wonted seat on the garden bench, where she cast an ample shadow on the sunny ground. She had sat there for some time quite still, with her lids dropped, and with a great air of mental, moral, and physical calm, when her young friend joined her, and hoped her head was better. Madame said that it was. She did not raise her eyes, and her companion accepted the situation for some time with a fair amount of patience.

"Wasn't it odd we should see the Bonners again?" she asked at length.

Here madame looked up with an effect of unusual keenness. It was as if she had been storing up the energy of the optic nerve, and then let it off suddenly with an accumulated power. "I am not surprised," she said. "We meet monsieur and his wife on our journey from Paris, we meet them again in Biarritz; we meet them in Pau; we meet them in the Pyrenees, and three weeks later, behold, they find us at Hyères!"

"Hyères is not a hiding-place. People are always meeting in this way, it's nothing unusual," said the young lady.

"But you were just now finding it strange," said madame, closing her eyes on the point. "And madame's mother, was she also here yesterday?" she asked.

"No, Mrs. Ames staid at the hotel. I don't imagine they'll remain long. Mrs. Bonner doesn't seem to care to."

"Madame Bonner seems to me to be always ill pleased," said the cat.

"I don't see," said the girl, "why you dislike the Bonners so. I'm sure they've always been kind to us."

"Ah, yes, kind! Monsieur especially has been kindness itself." And madame looked through an opening of a sixteenth of an inch.

The girl sprang up from the bench. "You don't understand us," she cried, furiously. "You don't understand Americans—you couldn't! I *hate* you! I've been hating you for a week. You've made me miserable. But I see now how it is. You make me unnatural. You make me hate myself."

She faced the French woman so fiercely that madame was even a little cowed.

"My dear," she murmured, "if I speak disagreeably to you, remember my responsibilities." And she thought herself, with complacency, of the envelope which reposed in her top drawer, already stamped, and addressed to Monsieur G. W. L Hull, Wall Street, New York city, Etats-Unis. There was nothing in the envelope yet, but it was ready for a last resort. "I think of you as of my own child," she continued. "I guard you as the apple of my eye." She felt so really benevolent as she said this that, without much difficulty, she brought the tears into her eyes. "You are so young," she added, tenderly

"I shouldn't have your ideas if I live to be a thousand," cried the other

"*Vous resterez toujours jeune fille!*" said madame, with admiration.

"Do you think—do you think—" began the girl, excitedly But she stopped short because they were no longer alone.

Monsieur l'Abbé, with great sweetness and deference, was wishing *ces dames* a good-morning Monsieur l'Abbé was tall and thin. His black gown and hat were faded enough to suggest a fallen fortune, but he had an air of great contentment and simple cheer, and his eyes looked out brightly from his delicate withered face.

"What a sky! What a morning!" he exclaimed; and looking about him for further subjects for praise, "What a charming young lady!" he added, to madame as her young friend disappeared into the house.

A little later old Monsieur Pons and young Monsieur George came out arm in arm to crunch up and down the pebble walk in the sun.

"*Tout le monde se promène*," said the abbé. "You do well to come into the sun," he called out to the two blind men.

"There is a fine view from our garden—n'est pas—Monsieur l'Abbé?" said old Pons, who had not seen for twenty years, he had never seen the garden, he had never seen the abbé.

"Charming! Splendid!" cried the curé.

"Monsieur George and I are diverting ourselves with the study of grammar," continued the blind man. "He is teaching me the Italian verbs, and I am teaching him the German. At present we are conjugating the verb "to love" as we walk."

"Ah! ah! A good idea that," said the abbé, and the two blind men passed on with their wavering uncertain gait.

Madame Antoine was bored. She moved uneasily, and began to think she would go into the house. Just then she saw something which decided her to remain where she was. Bonner was coming in through the garden gate—Bonner quite alone. He had a guilty air of uncertainty as he approached, and he was looking about in search of some one. Madame Antoine did not speak English. Bonner shook hands with her, and expressed his pleasure at seeing her with the grace usual to the male American when tackling a foreign tongue. He looked and perhaps felt a little like a fool, and madame, without deranging herself to put him at greater ease, fixed a contemplative eye upon him. He had a bunch of pink anemones and roses in his hand, and madame contemplated these also. He wanted to know where Miss Hull was; he asked if he might see her. Now madame's forte, as we have indicated, was her great calm. By guarding an inert placidity through, life she had accomplished a great many things, she had marvellously preserved her skin and her hair, she had retained a matchless digestion, she had acquired a reputation for dignity, and she had especially commended herself to an American parent as a fitting guardian for his motherless child.

But although madame fully appreciated the fact that her strength lay in her listless composure, there were times when she felt that occasion required her to rouse herself from her comfortable lethargy, and to act. When Bonner, *seul*, with his bouquet in his hand, demanded to see her charge, madame knew that such an occasion had come. She invited Mr. Bonner to place himself beside her, Monsieur l'Abbé having politely withdrawn himself, and with the best grace in the world she informed her visitor that it was time for their charming acquaintance to terminate. Bonner, smiling and frowning, but unsuspecting, listened to her musical phrases without understanding. He was groping about in that part of his memory to which he had once consigned a certain amount of Ollendorff, and was lazily trying to match madame's silvery phrases with something that he found there, when he suddenly had an inspiration, and he got upon his feet, staring strangely.

"And mademoiselle?" he asked.

"It is *de la part de mademoiselle* that I am speaking. It is her wish that I should tell you this."

Madame, who was capable of sacrifices, had sacrificed the truth. She began to walk slowly toward the garden gate with Bonner. When they reached the great portal they saluted each other gravely, madame with a little smile, which meant to say, "Nous nous comprenons, n'est ce pas?"

III.

"If I were you," said Mrs. Bonner, "I should soak my feet in mustard and hot water, *soak*, you know—s-o-a-k. Well, never mind, I'll get Miss Hull to tell you the French when she comes down."

Mrs. Bonner and the abbé had met under the palm-trees in the garden one unusually balmy morning, and dispensing with the formality of a presentation, Mrs. Bonner had accused the elderly curé of having a cold, and had taken it upon herself to prescribe.

"I have weak lungs myself," she said; "that's one reason that I came here." And she tapped upon a chest that would have done credit to an athlete, and elicited a hollow cough.

When Miss Hull came down, Mrs. Bonner took her to task for not having returned her call. "I thought," she said, "you might be ill, so I came to see." The girl, in fact, looked rather ill, and there were rings around her eyes She seemed to have been crying. "Come; what's the matter?" said Mrs. Bonner. "Let's go over by this doll-house, and you can tell me."

The girl protested that she was quite well as they walked toward the little shrine with the plaster figure of the Sainte Vièrge.

"Lewis has left us," said Mrs. Bonner. "He has gone to Nice for a week. Mamma and I are so well settled that we thought we might do without him for a while. But he can stay away as long as he likes now, for, just think, I had a letter from my husband yesterday, and he's to be with us in a few days. He's in London now. He has planned a regular surprise for us. Why, what's the matter? You look as though—"

"Why, I thought *Mr.* Bonner—I've thought all along that *Mr.* Bonner was your husband!"

"*Lewis* Bonner, do you mean? Good gracious, child! Why, for *Hea*-ven's sake, what an idea! How *could* you?"

They stood staring at each other for some moments.

Then, "Just tell James Bonner that when you see him," said James Bonner's wife, laughing And then she added: "Jim's *ever* so much nicer than Lewis. You'd never imagine they were brothers."

She amused her mother-in-law with Miss Hull's mistake when she went back to the hotel, and as the joke was too good to keep, she wrote to her brother-in-law at Nice that same evening.

"What do you think? That pretty Hull girl has actually taken me for your wife!"

When Lewis Bonner received this letter, he came back to Hyères. He arrived late in the afternoon, and did not put up at his sister-in-law's hotel. In the evening, after his dinner, he went out to walk, and on his return from the *Jardin d'Acclimatation*, which he had found closed, he passed by the gate of the Villa Sainte Vièrge, and found it open. It was moonlight in the old garden; something like the pale ghost of the glaring day was lingering there. The place, under the spell of the great white silence, seemed larger, wider, than by noon. The twisted plane-trees cast their grotesque shadows upon the house and on the glittering pebble road, the palms, spreading their blade-like leaves into the night, seemed to intensify the stillness with their suggestion of the unpeopled tropics. The air was indefinably pure, and filled with a faint cold perfume. It made Bonner giddily light, like the rare atmosphere of some great altitude. He went in through the gate, and looked up at the old house. There was some one out upon the balcony.

"Won't you come down," he said, "and take a walk?"

It was very bold, but then it was all so unreal. What did it matter?

"I thought you were in Nice."

"Yes, I was; but I'm not now."

There was nothing very brilliant in this, but they both laughed. A small joke goes a great way in the moonlight.

Then she said, "I wonder what Madame Antoine would say if I were to go!"

To which he replied, "Oh, bother Madame Antoine!"

THE NEW READING TERMINAL STATION IN PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA has without doubt better accommodations than any other American city as to railway stations, and, what is better, they are in the heart of the city and easily accessible. This superiority in this regard is probably due in a great measure to the experiences which the railroads had during the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, when, do what they could, the crowds were too large to be comfortably handled. Soon after this was built that splendid station of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Broad Street. Now there is in process of construction another station in the same neighborhood, and the new building for the Reading Terminal, at Twelfth and Market streets, will be ahead in many ways of any similar structure previously built. The plans for this new station were made by Mr. McLeod, the president of the company, and in architecture the building is not similar to that of any other erected for a like purpose. In architectural style it is an adaptation of the Italian Renaissance, and its exterior will not look totally unlike that of the Metropolitan Opera-house, on Broadway, in New York; but it will be very much larger and more imposing.

The entrance to the station will be on a level with the sidewalk, but the main floor will be a few steps above the street. The half basement below contains six stores on the Market Street front and one on Twelfth Street. These are reached by a few steps from the street to the plaza below. Behind the stores are the cab stands and approaches for baggage wagons. The ticket offices, the baggage rooms, and a large passenger lobby are on the first floor. The second floor will contain the waiting-rooms and the restau-

rants, and a large balcony will overlook the Market Street front, and be kept for the use of passengers in fine weather. The other floors of the building will be used for the official purposes of the company. The train-sheds will be back of the main building. They will be wide enough to accommodate thirteen tracks, and still leave ample room for truck and footways. There will also be a market-house in connection with the station. The train-sheds extend north to Arch Street, and under them from Filbert Street north will be the new market-house. Work on this part of the building is now being rapidly pushed, and in a few weeks it will be ready for occupancy. The main building will not be entirely finished before next September.

Philadelphia is distinguished above other cities in several regards, but in nothing does she outstrip all others so much as in the passenger stations for the railroads which leave and enter there. In affording such comfortable and convenient accommodations for getting away from town, the Philadelphia railroad managers have shown their confidence in the abiding attractiveness of their city; but, to be sure, if it is easy and pleasant to get away, it is just as agreeable to get back. The commodiousness of one of these stations was impressed upon a New York wit some years ago when he was taken in to the Broad Street Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad by a girl who dwelt on the banks of the Schuylkill. She showed him the station with pride, and the crowd of people waiting there.

"You say nothing is going on in Philadelphia," she said; "look at this."

"Yes, going on to New York and Washington," he replied.

IMLAC TO RASSELAS.

(IN A CONFIDENTIAL MOOD.)

Upon my table there—
Back in the corner, where
One hardly sees it,
Unless the errant look
Passes by pipe and book,
And gains the farthest nook,
Surest to please it—

Glimmers the burnished rim
(Back in the corner dim)
Of a brass chalice,
Slender, fine-lipped, and light,
Graceful, as was the sprite
Whom it recalls to sight—
Alluring Alice!

She gave me this, the witch,
Saying 'twould fill some niche
Or lesser corner,
And painted it, I trow,
With rose-buds. Pshaw! as though
I were not like to know
What best adorn her!

My boy, you see it there,
Gleam through the cloudy air,
A song in metal;
And as I cogitate
(Distinctly celibate),
My fortunes simulate
The painted petal.

The rose-buds have not blown,
No, though some years have flown
Since I received it.
Why? do you ask? *Aside,*
Bend down your head. I tried,
Once, to discover.... I'd
Not have believed it!

So, as the next best thing,
I smoke; and envying
Sieur Austin Dobson
His capabilities
For Amaryllities,
I write senilities
By choice of Hobson.

W. S. Moody, Jun.

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

The second son of the Prince of Wales, Prince George, the sailor of the family, has been lying dangerously ill with typhoid fever at his father's London residence, Marlborough House, though the crisis is now believed to have been passed. Prince George is a most popular young man in England, and, next to his father, he is probably better liked than any member of the royal family. He is a frank, handsome, and manly fellow, and whenever he has appeared in company with his elder brother, Prince Albert Victor, otherwise known as "Collars and Cuffs," the contrast between the two has been very much in favor of the younger man, and the wish is not infrequently expressed in England that it might have been different, and that to the younger brother might in the natural order of things descend the crown of England.

Twenty years ago the Prince of Wales had a severe attack of typhoid, and his life was almost despaired of. This illness happened just after his appearance in the divorce court as a witness in the famous Lady Mordaunt case. His popularity was somewhat hurt at this time, but his severe illness and the popular anxiety aroused the sympathies of the people, and he arose from his sick-bed restored to public favor. During his long illness all who could get to Marlborough House called there and made inquiries and inscribed their names in the Visitors' Book. In the illness of Prince George there is a similar stream of visitors to Marlborough House, and the sympathy for the anxious father has gone far towards counteracting the influence of the scandal connected with Sir William Gordon Cumming's peculiar method of playing baccarat. When Prince George was taken ill, his mother was in the Crimea. She hurried back, travelling night and day in special trains, but before she had reached her son's bedside, the first and most dangerous period of the illness had been passed. Those who visited the Marlborough House to inquire for the prince's health were of every class, and no favor or precedence was shown. Cabmen and doctors signed their names on the Visitors' Book next to cabinet members and noblemen, and only the immediate members of the royal family were allowed to enter by the main gateway. Every one else waited his turn in line.

Prince George is twenty-seven, and has been in the navy since he was fourteen. He is now a lieutenant, and last year was in command of the gunboat *Thrush*. In his professional career he has received no promotion on account of his princely rank, but has been compelled to work his way through the various grades just as any commoner would. He and his brother, when they were respectively fourteen and fifteen years old, went on board the school-ship *Britannia*, which was stationed off Dartmouth. The following will give some idea of the mode of life of the young princes aboard: They rose at 6.30 A.M. winter and summer alike, and after taking a morning bath and drilling from 7.15 to 8 o'clock, assembled for prayers and breakfast. At 8.45 the muster-roll was called over, and the rest of the forenoon devoted to study. They dined at 12.15, after which they had an hour on shore, and then resumed study till 4 P.M., when they again went ashore for cricket or other games till 6.30, when they returned on board to tea, which was served at 7 o'clock. This was followed by another hour's tuition, and at 9.15 they again attended prayers, and retired to rest at 9.30. The royal cadets were shown no special favor in consequence of their rank, but were placed in the starboard watch and in the lowest class, from which they had to work their way up like their fellow-students.

In 1879 the two princes went on board the man-of-war *Bacchante*, Lord Charles Scott, captain, for an extended cruise. In their journey from the Mediterranean they visited Teneriffe, the West Indies, Bermudas, Vigo, Ferrol, St. Vincent, the Plate, the Falkland Islands, the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, Feejee, on the west and the south; and then in the east they went through Japan and China, the Straits Settlements, Ceylon, Egypt, Palestine, and by the Mediterranean home. The two young men told the story of the trip in a book, *The Cruise of her Majesty's Ship "Bacchante,"* 1879-82. And in regard to this book, it may be said that the young authors have been charged with cribbing from other writers whatever they happened to find and to think was appropriate. They were very young, however, at the time, and probably did not know any better. In the service, whenever Prince George has been abroad, he has always added to his popularity, and in a visit to Halifax and some other Canadian cities a year or so ago he made himself very agreeable to all who met him.

It has been told of him that some six or seven years ago, on account of some youthful folly, his father reduced the prince's allowance to so small a sum that the young man found it almost impossible to make two ends meet. About this time his aunt, the Princess Beatrice, who married Prince Henry of Battenberg, became a mother, and when it was time to christen the infant, presents came in from the near relatives. A box arrived from Prince George. It was opened, and found to contain a somewhat battered pewter mug, upon which was the inscription:

"From Prince George of Wales to his cousin, with the hope that when he grows up, and is called upon to make christening presents to his little cousins, he will have the means with which to make more suitable gifts than this."

This joke was highly appreciated, and Prince George's allowance was returned to him, along with a handsome present from the Queen.

Jno. Gilmer Speed.

TWO SCHOOLS OF ACTING.

BY MARIANNA McCANN.

Within the present decade there have grown up in our Eastern States two schools dedicated to Thespian mysteries, and sufficiently elaborate in their methods and ambitious in their aims to claim national notice, and to wear, not all unworthily, the sonorous title of Academy of Dramatic Arts.

Actors of a past generation will, of course, every time a school of acting is mentioned, shrug their shoulders, shake their heads with portentous disapproval, and foretell dismal fiasco and oblivion for the youth or maiden who intrusts his or her talents to this royal road to fame—that is, failure.

Whether a year or two of comparatively *sub rosa* experimentation and help in the actors' trade is in the long run injurious to the actor is a question, but certain it is that these unobtrusive testing-grounds of the embryonic actor and actress will save the public's ears and eyes a deal of sorry elocution and unlovely spectacle. No one is expected to pay a round sum for the *coup d'essai* of the tailor's or milliner's apprentice, and therefore why should the theatre-going populace be asked to distribute its precious dollars to see a fine play maltreated by awkward and untrained actors?

That charming old and mellow actress, the late Mrs. Vincent, once said to the writer, with decided unction:

"It matters little how good the intention of the actor may be, it is the result alone that concerns his audience. The boy who comes on but once in a play, and then but to speak a single line, should be as exact and pleasing in the technique of his small contribution as is the leading actor. The stage is not (alas! *is* too often) the workshop, the school-room, but the gallery of exhibition, where only the polished, finished workmanship of the artist should be seen."

Still, there are undoubtedly *pros* as well as *cons* to be weighed by the would-be histrion who contemplates the preparatory drill of a school of acting. It is not, however, my intention to attempt any solution to this vexed question in the present article. My purpose is simply to give a plain, unvarnished description of the workings of these two schools, as witnessed by one who has had the advantage of being a pupil at each academy.

Both the schools aim to do for the American stage what the Conservatoire in Paris has done for the stage of France. Let us first visit the Boston school, as it claims priority of establishment.

All good Bostonians are familiar with a dark and narrow alleyway leading north out of Beacon Street, and but a stone's-throw from the old Athenæum and Tremont House. This gray-day-looking passage is called Freeman Place, and at its terminus, wedged in between an old law building and high brick walls, the fragment of a wooden structure meets the eye. The Gothic, churchly-looking door of this building bears a brass plate, upon which is engraved, "School of Expression." Once within the old edifice, one finds a suit of large, low-studded rooms, which runs back to Bowdoin Street. These rooms contain a piano, an organ, a blackboard or two, the director's desk, the type-writer's implements, several enormous mirrors, one hundred or more cane-bottomed chairs, and a few fine engravings and photographs on the walls.

The School of Acting meets and works in these rather barren rooms, where green baize, stage properties, scenery, and all the usual paraphernalia of a mimic world are conspicuously wanting, not because the school is meanly endowed, but because Professor Curry, the director, considers the environment of stage life and all theatrical equipment harmful to the best growth of the dramatic pupil. The School of Acting purports to be a branch of the School of Expression; but even a casual visitor at the school would be quick to see that the so-called "branch" school now rivals in importance and vitality the parent school. The School of Expression, or of elocution and æsthetic gymnastics, merely supplies the rudimentary work for more artistic study.

The methods of instruction observed in the School of Acting are, in one respect, as I have hinted, rigidly in accordance with the instruction at the Paris Conservatoire—the absence of properties, scenery, and all mechanical aids to stage illusion. The pupil must imagine all; must concentrate his mind exclusively upon characterization and the dramatic situation, or spiritual *mis en scène*, if one may so express it.

There certainly is something very fascinating about the ascetic æstheticism of this severe mode of work and discipline. One is impressed, however, with the suspicion that Professor Curry is turning out a corps of actors whose gamut will be limited—of actors, that is to say, who will interpret with accurate insight, sympathy, and skill the poetic and philosophic playwrights of Germany and the North, but who, on the other hand, would be awkward to a degree and hopelessly out of their element in the sprightly every-day furniture drama. Yet this judgment is superficial, and he who indulges it is guilty of gross forgetfulness; for the Conservatoire is the forcing-house of dramatic Paris, where the incomparable actors of the Comédie Française are bourgeoned and blossomed—actors whose versatility and finish are unequalled the world over, who fill with baffling perfection any *rôle*, from that of austere classicism to that of the pretty and petty bric-à-brac farces of the hour.

Rigorous training in æsthetic gymnastics, movements which are modifications of the so-called Delsartean system, slow and thorough voice-building, and a general acquaintance with English, French, and German dramatic and poetic literature comprise the courses of instruction exacted in this school as adjuncts to the study of characters and presentation of plays. Stage make-up, any hints as to stage dressing, and the regulation stage business and "gags," wisely or unwisely, are quite ignored by the director. On play-days the pupils assemble in the stage-room, forming a semicircle about the large empty platform. No pupil is allowed to carry a play-book on to the stage. Letter perfect—or, as the veteran says, "dead-letter perfect"—is the invariable requirement, and no call is permitted, but at the cue the pupil is expected to be in place, the right words at tongue-tip. Whole acts proceed without a single interruption, but at the end of the act the instructor in charge will descend upon the trembling pupils with a perfect cyclone of criticism. The act must be gone through again, piecemeal this time, and at each repetition of the scene or act a new cast is called. Whatever the merits of the actors turned out by the Boston school may prove to be, it is safe to predict that most of the graduates will have formed habits of industry which, if more general with actors, would soon do away with the painful custom in vogue in our country and in England of making the first week of a new play a sort of serial dress rehearsal and final study of lines. Actors trained to less slipshod habits would rebel at this deplorable treatment of plays, and stage-managers would, I believe, quickly and gladly answer the cue.

The American School of the Dramatic Arts, popularly known as "The Lyceum School," is quartered in the Lyceum Theatre building, New York city. One enters the school from East Twenty-fourth Street, and through the theatre stage door. A visitor to the school is at once impressed by the entirely business-like and professional atmosphere of the place. All is bustle and activity here, and there is little time or quiet for elaborate psychological studies or broodings with the poets. The girls who go in and out of the school daily have already learned the value of a few pencil marks about the eyes, and, even while juniors, indulge in a little harmless make-up, no doubt in the fond belief that this professional trick brings them nearer to the footlights. This indulgence in facial decoration is amusing rather than worthy of censure, and the two years' school course usually cures the habit. Three or four little rooms on the ground-floor of the building are used by the director and dean and their assistants for offices. All the rules, even the most minute, of a theatre are scrupulously followed in this school. A bulletin board announces the day's programme of work; the catalogue of the school is called a prompt-book. Stage make-up, stage business, and stage deportment seem to be more highly valued by the teachers here than characterization. The instructors are nearly all actors of experience, and they therefore have vivid appreciation of the importance of a good make-up and a creditable stage entrance and exit.

The teachers' view of the work before them with their pupils is not in the least sentimental or theoretical. They consider it more important to so drill a novice that he or she may present a letter in a scene without embarrassment than to encourage the study of the intricacies of the mental attitudes of a Hamlet. The drill these Lyceum pupils receive in stage business is most careful and comprehensive—it could hardly be bettered—and the directions as to make-up are minute and constantly repeated.

Mr. Franklin S. Sargent, the director-general of the Lyceum school, assumes, as his special department of instruction, pantomimic work, the cultivation of physical plasticity and dramatic expression of the body. Mr. Sargent infuses an element of ideality into all his work. He works with the pupils for absolute dramatic growth, with little or no regard as to where or when the fruits of his labor may be tested and tasted. He aims to turn out the actor-artist rather than the actor bread-winner. He thinks that there are now too many of the latter, and too few of the former. The bread-winner isn't always an artist, but the artist is always a bread-winner. Mr. Sargent frequently gets the best results from pantomimic work not supplemented by lines. Half a dozen pupils are given a dramatic situation, and are sent up stage to carry it out to the best of their ability and unguided conceptions. Not a word, laugh, or sigh is heard, but the story is told by pantomime alone.

Mr. Daniel Frohman, the owner and manager of the Lyceum Theatre, places his stage at the school's disposal several hours daily; thus every pupil, from the day of entering, is afforded ample opportunity to become familiarized with the arena of future activity. The school course covers two years, and into those years an astonishing amount and variety of work is compressed. In addition to the stage business and pantomime work already considered, the pupils are expected to acquire a pretty thorough knowledge of and skill in elocution, singing, fencing, dancing, French, and dialects.

From time to time the embryonic actor and actress get tastes of publicity and foot-light glory. The minor rôles in the plays put on at the Lyceum Theatre are usually filled by pupils of the school. During the latter half of each year a stock company, made up of Lyceum pupils, is sent out on the road for a week or so of practice in small towns. The senior members of the school usually present every winter some classic drama at the theatre, afterward taking a short tour through New England. *The Electra* and *Antigone* of Sophocles prove veritable triumphs of graceful and vigorous pantomime, classic staging, and harmonious grouping.

Last winter a departure from Greek tragedy was made in favor of Ibsen's *Pillars of Society*, with fair success.

The thoughtful observer may be inclined to believe that these schools of dramatic instruction have sounded the tocsin of a battle to be waged in the immediate future between the haphazard empirical acting of players who are untrained and without culture and the well-equipped conscientious actor.

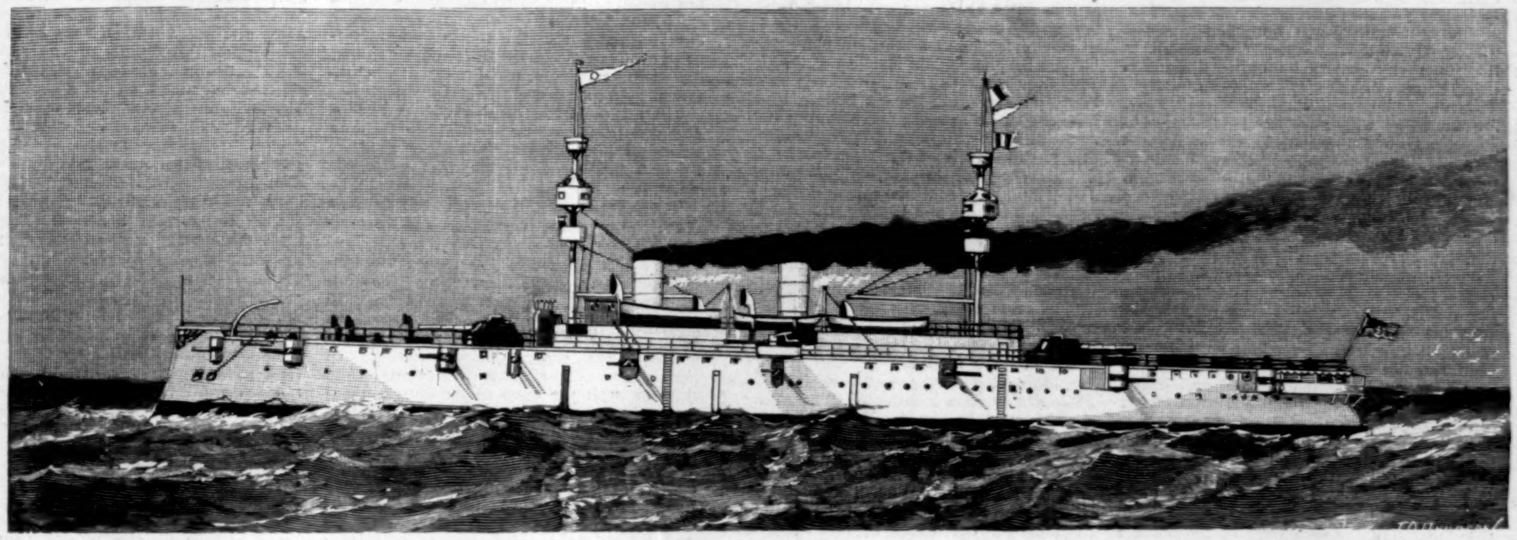
THIS YEAR'S EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—As Seen by Bert Wilder.

420. "Our Landlady calling Us to Dinner." 289. "The Dance of Death." 280. "The Unripe Watermelon." 363. "Playing Snap-the-Whip on the Plains." 265. "'My Mamma says I mustn't play with You.'" 147. "A Tight-rope Performer." 152. "A Surgical Operation." 437. "'The World is Mine.'" 323. "Attendant and Visitor at a Turkish Bath." 800. "'Rats!'" 650. "An Eiffel Tower in the Desert." 149. "A Puzzle—to find the Old Man's Face."

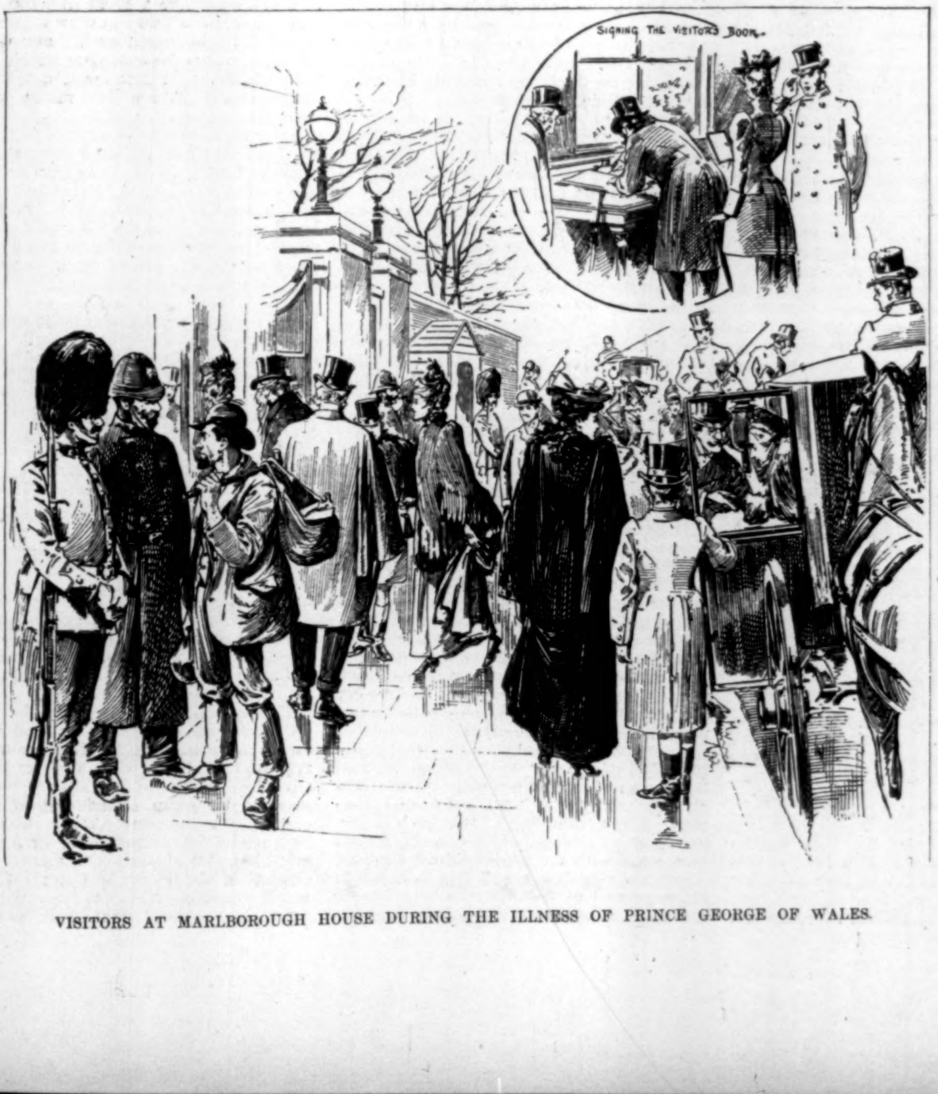
PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.—[SEE PAGE 999.]

MRS. ST. CLAIR GRIMWOOD, THE HEROINE OF MANIPUR.—[SEE PAGE 995.]

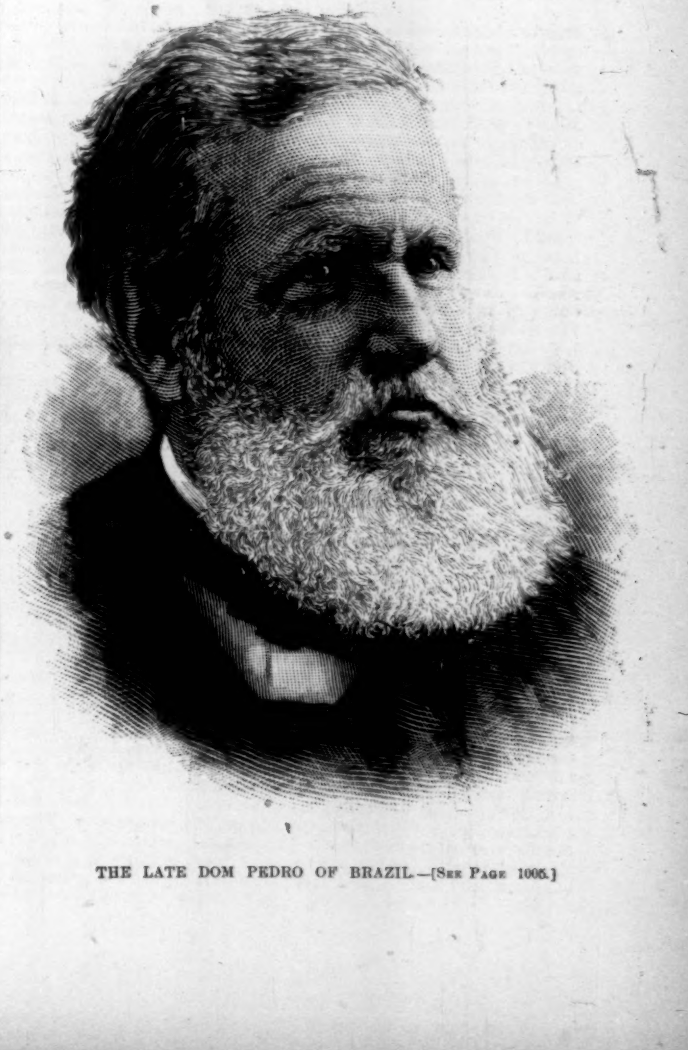
MISS HELEN PAGE, OF NEW YORK, WHO CHRISTENED THE NEW CRUISER.—[SEE PAGE 1002.]



THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "NEW YORK."—[SEE PAGE 1002.]



VISITORS AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE DURING THE ILLNESS OF PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.



THE LATE DOM PEDRO OF BRAZIL.—[SEE PAGE 1005.]

NUNC PLAUDITE.

A MAKER of light measures, what was he
That to his hearse we should the laurel bring?
One who loved life with such brave ecstasy
That, though men mocked his verse, he yet could sing.

What has he left—what heart-compelling dower—
That bids us bless with tears his memory?
The gracious knowledge—the serener power
Born of the knowledge—that such love may be.

KATHERINE VAN HARLINGEN.

THE U.S.S. "NEW YORK."

"He is brass within and steel without,
With beams on his topcastle strong;
And eighteen pieces of ordnance
He carries on either side along."
—SIR ANDREW BARTON.

THE American people, for many years imagining themselves secure not only from attack, but from insult by foreign powers, through their Representatives in Congress, declined either to add to or rebuild the navy which the government inherited from the last years of the great rebellion. By dint of hammering away at Congress, the White Squadron—*Atlanta*, *Boston*, *Chicago*, and *Dolphin*—was finally built, and its appearance created such an enthusiasm for a new navy among our people that the work of building it has gone on unretarded ever since.

The Delaware River, and more particularly Philadelphia, is the birthplace of the American navy. Ninety-seven years ago the then newly born republic saw the keels laid for her first men-of-war. They were not built in the Kensington district, where the Cramps now have their ship-yard, but in the Southwark or southern part of the city, near by where the first navy-yard was afterwards built, and within a short distance of Gloria Dei—Old Swedes Church.

The first man-of-war launched was the sailing frigate *United States*, 74 guns, built at Southwark by Joshua Humphreys, the first naval constructor of the United States navy. This vessel was launched March 10, 1797. Joseph Grice, whose brother Samuel taught William Cramp, the founder of the present firm, his trade, built the *Guerrière* of immortal memory, launching her June 20, 1814. The first ship launched at the old navy-yard was the frigate *Franklin*, 74 guns. In those days a "74-gun ship" was accounted a formidable man-of-war; to-day she could not live ten minutes within range of one of the *Concord* class. The heaviest vessel of the old times built on the Delaware was the ship of the line *Pennsylvania*, 120 guns, launched July 18, 1837. At Kensington was built, too, the *New Ironsides*, the forerunner of all these "armored cruisers," and whose lines, particularly the middle section of her hull, has been little deviated from since, except as to certain modifications of her speed lines, which the great progress in engine-building has made imperative. From the Delaware, too, sailed Decatur, Bainbridge, Hull, and Biddle, whose gallant actions made the American flag an object of respect the world over, and whose patriotism and daring could well be followed by our naval officers in these times.

The U.S.S. *New York* is up to the present the largest as also the fastest man-of-war we have afloat. There have been five other *New Yorks* in the navy, nearly all of them having been the largest and most powerful in their class. The first was a gondola used for service on Lake Champlain. No. 2 was a frigate of 1130 tons and 36 guns. She was commanded at various times by Captain R. V. Morris and Captain John Rodgers. She saw considerable service in the Mediterranean, being finally laid up at the Washington Navy-yard, at which place she was broken up. The third was a sloop used in bay and river service between 1812 and 1815, being captured by the British. No. 4 was said to have been an 84-gun line-of-battle ship, the largest of her class; she was on the stocks at the Norfolk Navy-yard when the civil war broke out, and was subsequently burned. The fifth was to be called the *Ontario*, but in 1869 her name was changed to *New York*. She was never launched, but was broken up in 1888, when the government decided to build its vessels of steel. The principal dimensions of the *New York* just launched are as follows:

Length on the water line..........	380 ft. 6.5 in.
Breadth of beam..................	64 ft.
Mean draught......................	23 ft. 3.5 in.
Displacement......................	8150 tons.
Maximum speed.....................	20 knots.
Sustained sea speed...............	18.5 knots.
Complement (officers and men)...	475
Coal endurance (total capacity)...	13,000 miles.

Before she received her name she was known in the Navy Department as armored cruiser No. 2, the *Maine* being No. 1. Her construction was authorized by the Naval Appropriation Act, approved September 7, 1888. Bids were advertised for under date of April 8, 1890, and a circular issued to builders defining the chief characteristics of the vessel. On June 10, 1890, the contract for her construction was awarded to The William Cramp & Sons Ship and Engine-building Company, of Philadelphia. The contract provided for the final completion of the vessel by January 1, 1893. The first delivery of material for her was made on September 3, 1890, and the first keel plates were laid on the blocks on September 30th of the same year; fourteen months have thus been consumed in the construction of her hull. Her cost, exclusive of armor and armaments, will be $2,985,000. If, during her trial trip, she makes more than the guaranteed 20 knots for four consecutive hours, her builders will be entitled to a bonus of $50,000 for each quarter of a knot so made. The Cramps received $135,600 for the excess above the guaranteed speed of the *Philadelphia*, and $183,124 50 for the excess of the *Baltimore*, *Newark*, and *Yorktown*. Experts predict that the *New York* will bring her builders a greater bonus for excess of speed than any ship they have yet launched of the new navy. The frames of the *New York's* hull are of steel, covered with steel plates. Her stern, stern-post, and shaft struts are immense pieces of cast steel. The rudder frame is a combination of forged and cast steel, and the rudder complete weighs 35,000 pounds. She has four complete steel decks—upper, gun, berth, and protective—besides a flying deck, or bridge, upon which are carried her boats. Yellow-pine flats are laid over the upper and gun decks, $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick, and over the berth-deck, $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick. She will have no sail-power, but is to be provided with two military masts, fitted with double fighting tops for machine-guns and revolving cannons.

Her freeboard to the upper deck is 20 feet, and, together with her size, will enable her to fight her guns and maintain her speed in a sea which would render smaller ships practically helpless.

The *New York* is now little more than two-thirds completed, although to the landsman's eye she looks considerably more. All of her outside plating is in place, the superstructure on the upper deck is there, and the decks are nearly all laid; nearly all the bulkheads have been completed; in fact nine-tenths of the metal-work is finished, and nearly all the wood and other fittings. Her deflective armor, that is, "protection deck," as it is called at the yard, is almost finished, but none of her side armor has yet been received; this, and all her machinery, will be put in place while she lies at the dock. The four great engines have been erected in the shops, while the six boilers, looking like great iron tunnels, are standing on the dock, all ready to be put into place. The unarmored vessels of the Squadron of Evolution, ships of the *Philadelphia*, *Chicago*, and *Newark* type, while splendid examples of their kind, are not battle ships, but mere cruisers, or, to use a more descriptive term, "commerce destroyers." Though they are known as protected cruisers, they were not built to withstand the enormous projectiles of foreign navies. The *New York* has been called most aptly an intelligent compromise between the low freeboard coast-defence vessels, or the modified Monitor type, and the high-sided ships on the model of the *Philadelphia*. She is the third of the armored vessels to be launched. The first was the *Maine*, launched from the Brooklyn yard last fall, and the second, the *Monterey*, launched a few months ago at the Union Iron-works, San Francisco. The *Monterey* is a coast-defence vessel, but has not half the displacement of the *New York*, and three knots less speed, but her guns and armor are to be heavier. The *Maine* is the nearest approach to the *New York* now afloat in our navy, but her speed is three knots less, her displacement 1500 tons below the *New York*; she is 62 feet shorter and 8 feet less beam; her guns are to be of larger calibre, but not as numerous, and her armor is also to be heavier. The *New York* is also longer by 50 feet than the largest of our navy afloat and in commission—the *Chicago*, *Baltimore*, and *Philadelphia*—and her tonnage is 3600 tons greater than theirs.

It was the evident intention in designing the *New York* that she should compare favorably with the English armored cruisers of similar displacement, viz., *Blake* and *Blenheim*. The former is just completed and going into commission, and, it is rumored, will be the flag-ship of the British squadron in these waters. These are the largest and fastest protected cruisers in the English navy, and in view of the *Blake* being on duty on our shores, the following comparative table makes interesting reading:

	New York.	*Blake.*
Tonnage displacement....	8150	9000
Main battery..	6 8-inch breech-loading rifles. 12 4-inch breech-loading rifles.	2 9.2-inch breech-loading rifles. 10 6-inch breech-loading rifles.
Can fire ahead or astern...	4 8-inch and 4 4-inch.	1 9.2-inch and 2 6-inch.
Can fire abeam	5 8-inch and 6 4-inch.	2 9.2-inch and 5 6-inch.
Weight of fire ahead or astern	1144 pounds.	600 pounds.
Weight of fire abeam........	1466 pounds.	1300 pounds.
Armor deck..	3-inch flat, 6-inch slopes.	3-inch flat, 6-inch slopes.
Side, abreast of machinery spaces........	5-inch.	About ½-inch.
Maximum coal capacity......	1500 tons.	1500 tons.
Maximum indicated horse-power (estimated)......	16,000	20,000
Maximum speed (estimated)...	20 knots.	22 knots.

It will be noticed that the *Blake* has no side armor. The *New York* is further protected by her belt of cellulose, the new water-excluding material, and four of her 8-inch guns are protected by 10-inch barbettes and 7-inch shields, while the two 9.2-inch guns of the *Blake* have the service shields only, certainly by no means equal to four inches of vertical armor. The *Blake* has a slight advantage in speed, but it is hardly likely she would run away from a vessel of the *New York* type. It is stated as a fact that although the *Blake* has had her "dock trial," she has never been tested at sea, for reasons best known to the British government. The main battery of the *New York* consists of six 8-inch breech-loading rifles, 35 calibres in length, which will fire an ogival projectile weighing 250 pounds. The recent trials of nickel-plate armor at the proving-grounds on the Potomac show the terrible execution these guns and their projectiles can do. Twelve 4-inch rapid-firing guns are a powerful auxiliary to this main battery. In addition to these will be mounted at various points about the decks and aloft, four 6-pounders, four 3-pounders, and four 1-pounders, all rapid-fire guns; also four 37-millimetre revolving cannon, and four 45-millimetre machine-guns. Almost any one can form an idea of what a terrible storm of shot and shell these guns can deliver; concentrated upon one object, the result would be to destroy everything within range. Besides these guns she will carry six torpedo tubes.

Of the 8-inch guns, two will be mounted in a barbette forward on the upper deck, and two in a similar barbette aft, while the remaining two are carried in broadside amidships on the upper deck.

The barbettes forward and aft on which the 8-inch guns are mounted are 10 inches thick, and the revolving conical shields over the guns are 7 inches thick. The sloping armor between the upper and gun decks beneath the barbettes is 5 inches thick, and the ammunition tubes have also a thickness of 5 inches. The two 8-inch guns on the broadside are protected by partial barbettes 2 inches thick and shields on the guns. The 12 4-inch rapid-fire guns are mounted on the gun-deck in armored sponsons 4 inches thick, and have shields on the guns closely covering the ports. These guns are mounted six on a side, three fore, and three aft. The 6 and 3 pounder rapid-fire guns are protected by 2-inch armor or its equivalent.

There is one fixed torpedo tube in the bow and one in the stern, besides two training tubes—all above water. The 8-inch guns are 25 feet, and the 4-inch $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet above the water-line.

The main feature of the armor of the *New York* is her protective deck. This extends over all from bow to stern, over the machinery and hold spaces. It is horizontal throughout the length of the ship for a width from 10 to 25 feet, while the sides slope down to the skin of the ship, forming a slight angle, thus making in reality a convex shield of armor, so that any projectile which pierces her sides will be deflected. The edges of the contour meet the sides of the ship 4 feet 9 inches below, and the highest part is 1 foot above the water-line when she is at the mean draught of 23 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

This deck is completely covered with two courses of plating, having a thickness of 3 inches amidships and $2\frac{1}{2}$ fore and aft. The slopes amidships are covered with an additional thickness of 3 inches, making a total of 6 inches. Beneath these 6 inches of armor are the boilers and engines, all vital powers of a ship, and it is therefore imperative they should have the fullest protection. Abreast of the machinery spaces is the side armor, a thin belt of nickel-plated steel worked between the protective and berth decks, it is $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, thus making 5 inches of metal outside this space.

The third important protective feature is the complete belt of water-excluding material extending from a point below the water-line to a safe distance above. It is literally a coffer-dam 3 feet 6 inches deep, worked between the protective and berth decks, extending completely around the ship, divided by transverse water-tight compartments every few feet. It is filled with cellulose, a fibrous material made of the cocoa-nut husk. In the event of a shot piercing the vessel near the water-line, the cellulose is expected to swell with the water that comes in contact with it, filling the hole up and making it water-tight. This is a French patent, which has been extensively adopted for the French navy, but is now to be manufactured in Philadelphia. A large proportion of the vessel's coal supply is also stowed on the protective deck, forming an additional safeguard against damage near the water-line.

The vessel has twin screws 16 feet in diameter, driven by four separate engines, each of 4000 horse-power. Two of these will work the starboard shaft and two the port, and are so arranged that they can be disconnected and the vessel be run under half power. The engines are of the vertical, inverted, direct-acting, triple-expansion, three-cylinder type, arranged in four water-tight compartments. At 129 revolutions per minute, her engines are calculated to develop 16,000 horse-power; in fact, the engineers in charge of their construction feel sure they will easily reach 500 more. Six double-ended horizontal return fire-tube boilers will furnish steam at a pressure of 160 pounds to the square inch. Eight furnaces will heat each boiler, arranged two abreast in three water-tight compartments, with six thwart-ship fire-rooms. These main boilers are 15 feet 3 inches in diameter, and 21 feet 3 inches long, having a total grate surface of 990 square feet, and a total heating surface of 31,190 square feet. Above the protective, two auxiliary single-ended two-furnace boilers are to be placed, having a total grate surface of 64 square feet, and total heating surface of 1937 square feet. All the boilers are to be fitted and worked under forced draught on the air-tight fire-room system.

The *New York* will draw so much more water than any of our previously built vessels that when she makes her trial trip, in order to find water enough, she will be compelled to make it off the New England coast.

Every modern improvement in plumbing, lighting, and ventilating the ship has been introduced. She has a complete electric-lighting outfit of five sets of dynamos and engines, with a capacity of 1000 ampères, including 700 incandescent lights. There will also be four search-lights, 30 inches in diameter, all of which can be controlled from the bridge or conning tower.

The *New York* is to be fitted as a flag-ship, and, in addition to the quarters of admiral, there are state-rooms for 20 ward-room officers, 12 junior officers, and 2 warrant officers. The size and type of this latest addition to our navy are such as to make the accommodations throughout surpass every other vessel in the navy for comfort and spaciousness.

The Weather Bureau took charge of the atmosphere on the day of the launch, and no more perfect day could have been devised. Cramps's yard was profusely decorated with flags and bunting, and made a gallant appearance. It is usual to christen a ship by breaking the bottle of wine over the bows from her deck, but on this occasion a platform was built at the ship's bow, on which a small pulpit-like enclosure had been erected. Inside this stood Miss Helen C. Page, daughter of J. Seaver Page, Esq., of New York city, the fair godmother of the *New York*. All about, as far as the eye could reach, every vantage-point was black with people. The Delaware held a fleet of steamboats and tugs loaded down to the water's edge. Long before the specials from Washington and New York arrived, workmen were hard at work getting the last details of the launch into shape. Constructor Nixon ordered the outside shoring pins knocked away early in the day, an innovation the oldest workman about the yard never saw before.

Finally Miss Page arrived at the platform, accompanied by Secretary Tracy, Vice-President Morton, Mrs. Harrison, and Mr. Harry Cramp. After some delay came the cry, "The wedges are home, Sid!" "Knock away the shores," answered Mr. Nixon; and soon the great ship rested on her cradle alone. "Saw away!" Crash through the "sole-piece" the saws rip. "Let her go!" An instant's silence; then a tumultuous cry, "She moves! She moves!"

At that moment Miss Page dashed the bottle against her bow, and as the yellow wine ran down her sides, cried, "I christen thee *New York!*"

Twenty-five thousand people cheered, the tugs and steamboats blew their whistles, a perfect pandemonium prevailed. Slowly, through the boiling and hissing tallow and oil, gathering momentum at each breath, gracefully as a swan, she glided down the ways, and as she cleared every obstruction and dipped her nose in the Delaware, the tumult and enthusiasm seemed to reach its climax. The *New York* was afloat, looking in mid-stream like a great iron fort. And now the anxious builders drew a great sigh of relief, for had she "stuck" and cracked her back, which the enormous weight of the hull would render imminent, a million of dollars would not see the Cramps through with the loss.

After the excitement had subsided, the invited guests took up their march for the "Mould Loft." We have heard a great deal lately about "rush lines," but there has never been a game of football with a "rush line" equal to that. Once the "Mould Loft" was reached, one was repaid for his trouble. The room usually devoted to musty models was converted into a vast banquet hall, profusely decorated with flags, banners, and bunting. Down the centre was a table laden with every luxury necessary for such an occasion. Three thousand people made merry, and drank to the long life and health of the *New York* and her builders. At a round table at the head of the room sat Secretary Tracy, with Mrs. Harrison and Miss Page on either side of him. Souvenirs of the occasion were prepared by President Charles H. Cramp for the ladies of the christening party. This was a beautiful châtelaine—that of Miss Page being of gold—with the letters "U.S.S. N. Y." over a trident, and upon different-colored ribbons the name of the vessel in full, and the date of the launching. The souvenirs for Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Whitney, and Mrs. Cleveland were also of gold; the other ladies' were in silver. Mr. Harry Cramp flitted about the room in his usual genial way, looking after his guests, and doing still more to increase his personal popularity.

The launch of the *New York* has stirred up considerable patriotism or local enthusiasm in the metropolis. Movements are under way to provide her with a set of colors, a silver bell (a library has already been presented), and quite an amount of interest stimulated in our navy. The entire proceedings passed off without hitch or friction of any kind, and a grander or more imposing sight than the launch of this giant man-of-war it would be difficult to imagine.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

AMATEUR SPORT

CLASSIFYING FOOTBALL PLAYERS is not so simple as it looks. It should be borne in mind that the opinions advanced in this column are the results of a season's work. The men are not chosen for the national team from their showing in any one game, but from what they have done throughout the football year. Bearing this in mind, therefore, I should pick the All America eleven of '91 as follows:

Homans, full back.
McClung and Lake, half backs.
King, quarter.
Adams, centre.
Heffelfinger and Riggs, guards.
Newell and Winter, tackles.
Hinkey and Hartwell, ends.

SUBSTITUTES.

Poe, Bliss, Barbour, and Trafford behind the line.
Holly, Balliet, Warren, Hallowell, and Newton in the line.

It may be interesting, and serve for matter of record as well, to reproduce here the All America teams of '90 and '89.

That of '90 was:

Homans, full back.
McClung and Corbett, half backs.
Dean, quarter.
Cranston, centre.
Heffelfinger and Riggs, guards.
Rhodes and Newell, tackles.
Hallowell and Warren, ends.

SUBSTITUTES.

Hartwell, Upton, and Morison in the line.
Poe for quarter.
King, Lee, Lake, and Bliss for halves.
Trafford, full back.

That of '89 was:

Ames, full back.
Lee and Channing, half backs.
Poe, quarter.
George, centre.
Heffelfinger and Cranston, guards.
Cowan and Gill, tackles.
Cumnock and Stagg, ends.

SUBSTITUTES.

Dean, Trafford, Black, and McBride behind the line.
Janeway, Stickney, Donnelly, and Rhodes in the line.

THERE WERE SOME OPINIONS at variance with mine when a year ago I wrote down Homans as full back on what would be the picked American team, but his work this season has, I think, thoroughly vindicated my judgment based upon his kicking ability a twelvemonth ago. He has easily out-punted any man on the field, and shown himself equal to making good gains with the ball. He tackles well, is safe nine times out of ten under a kick, and is not rattled by opposing ends rushing down on him.

Of the half backs, McClung has won the first place not only by his straight gaining abilities, but by his certainty to make distance in a game. Unlike half backs generally, even of the first class, he has been brilliant not only in small games, but also in the final ones. He follows interference with better judgment than any half on the field to-day, his dodging is a revelation, and a hole in the line must be closed up very quickly to keep him from getting through.

LAKE SHOULD BE the side partner of McClung, and it would indeed be a perfect line that did not yield to either the dashing plunges of the former or the remarkable dodging of the latter. Lake has by no means had an opportunity this season to show off his prowess. He is undoubtedly the most difficult to bring down of all the half backs; he runs very low, and with considerable speed, and his 175 pounds makes a difficult armful for even the surest tackler. His forwards this year have given him little support; they were unable to make holes for him in the Yale line, and several times I saw Lake actually dive into the line for a gain of a few yards, carrying the men along by the very force of his battering. Had he been behind the Yale line, this young man would have had several brilliant runs to his credit. The man to feed the ball to these three players is King; not because he is a better passer or so strong in his judgment of what plays to try as Barbour, but because he is so marvellously active in interference and tackling. In the latter respect he is one of the best on the field, while the coolness with which he directs a runner for whom he is interfering gains many a yard in the course of a season.

IN THE CENTRE, Adams of the University of Pennsylvania, flanked by Heffelfinger and Riggs, would make a formidable trio for any team to face. Both Yale and Harvard have had new men to develop at centre this year, and though Sanford and Bangs are promising, they are much behind the University of Pennsylvania man. Symmes's play this season has greatly improved over that of last, and of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, he would be the choice. Should he continue next season as he has this, he would be the man for the picked team. There is another centre whose play has greatly impressed me this year, and that is Balliet of Lehigh. He runs Adams very close for choice; so close, in fact, I have heard men whose opinions carry weight declare him to be the best centre on the field to-day. Choosing guards is a very easy matter, for Heffelfinger and Riggs clearly out-class all other candidates. Newton, of Wesleyan, has shown form of the first class, and, more acceptably than any of the others, would fill a vacancy at that point of the line. Both Heffelfinger and Riggs have been commented on in this department until there remains nothing new to be said. Riggs played a much stronger game this year than last, and, so far as line work goes, there is little if any difference between the two. Heffelfinger, however, has an advantage in speed, and the style of Yale's play has brought this prominently to the front in his interference. In guarding a runner, he makes the life of an opposing tackler a veritable burden, and to his skilful work in this respect is to be credited a good share of Yale's gains. Despite his two hundred pounds, he is able to move his body as quickly as a man weighing one hundred and fifty, and it is this combination of weight and activity that makes him so valuable as a rusher.

NEWELL AND WINTER, the former as a terror to opponents' attacks and the latter as a ground-gainer, would make a pair of tackles to any captain's liking. Newell's work has not shone this season as it did last, simply because he was a picked man, and, like Heffelfinger in the Yale-Harvard game, received an extra amount of attention. It gives rise to great expectations for a player to be chosen for the All America team the first year he makes the 'varsity, and Winter may consider himself indebted to Billy Rhodes for the compliment, as it certainly was the coaching of Yale's ex-captain that brought him into such shape. But Winter owes his ground-gaining to his own stout legs and heart. His playing in the Princeton game was far stronger than at Springfield. Out on the ends the shadowy Hinkey and Hartwell would complete an almost invincible individual team. Freshman Hinkey has been one of the year's surprises. No one outside of his preparatory school had ever heard of him before this season, when he appeared on the Yale grounds as a candidate. He played on the scrub side awhile, but soon gave ample evidence to the Yale coaches that he knew too much football for some of the 'varsity candidates. He was too much for Hallowell at Springfield, and that is equal to writing him down as one of the best playing. Hartwell has earned the place on the All America team in spite of strong competition. The ends he faced (Emmons and Vincent), although not so experienced as those Hinkey had to handle (Hallowell and Warren), were wide awake and active, but Hartwell succeeded in getting his own runners by or through repeatedly, while his end was never passed by an opposing runner. Beginning with the U. of P. game in New York, and followed by Springfield and Thanksgiving day, Hartwell put up the strongest play of his football career, and his record will live in the memory of Yale as one of her best ends.

THE WORRY OF DEVELOPING a team out of green material has worked strongly against Warren's chances for a regular end on the picked team. His individual play has been sacrificed to a considerable extent to the captaincy in a year when to gain a place he must have played his very best game. He has played a careful, steady game, not what he is equal to, or what we shall probably see next season, when there is not so much bother. I should want him as substitute end in case the others were laid up. Emmons is going to make a first-class man, and if he plays on Harvard's end next year, his opponent will realize the truth of this remark.

AMONG THE SUBSTITUTES I should take Barbour first, and in the event of a half back being laid up, would drop King back as a half, and play Barbour at quarter. Trafford would go next as a substitute for Homans, though it is not very likely he would be used, as the Princeton back appears never to get injured to any serious extent. In case Adams were laid up, I should not consider my team weakened by putting in Balliet, and if both of them went off the field, I should continue to feel my eleven superior to the best by placing Riggs in centre and putting Newton guard. As change tackle I know of no better man than Holly, who, although not so experienced as Wallis, was too much for him in many respects on Thanksgiving day. Holly has the right idea of the position, is strong and aggressive, and it would not take many days to make him rank with the best in the country. With Hallowell at change end, and Warren in reserve in case of calamity, the line of the All America team would be well taken care of. Schoff, of the U. of P., deserves mention as being among the best ends of the country.

BEHIND THE LINE there is such a wealth of fine material that one hesitates before picking substitutes; but it seems, after looking it over from all sides, that if King were disabled after he had been taken back from quarter, I should call on Poe, and later, Bliss. I am not forgetting Corbett, but I should be afraid to trust him on a picked team after his exhibition at Springfield of very miserable high tackling and dropping the ball. It is possible, of course, this came from lack of practice, but it stands against him until he shows to the contrary another season. Neither am I forgetting Osgood, of Cornell, nor Thayer, Camp, and Branson, of the University of Pennsylvania, nor, among the New England colleges, Street, of Williams; they are all good—very good. Bliss is a clever experienced half, and uses his interference to the best possible advantage. Poe is a natural-born player, he has his brother's deadly tackle, is very fast, and dives into a line with the same dash that characterizes Lake's plunging. His weight, of course, prevents him carrying the line on his head and shoulders for a few yards' gain, as Lake did at Springfield, but he managed to squirm a few yards through Yale's stiff line even when unaided—in fact, he was the only one that could.

Give an eleven chosen from these picked men steady coaching—for without it they would be easy prey to one with strong teamwork—and the All America team of '91 would be invincible.

THE IMPROVEMENT IN FOOTBALL throughout the smaller college teams has been marked, while the preparatory schools have shown some play believed quite beyond their reach a few years ago. The most noteworthy feature of the year in this respect, however, has been the strides in the game taken by Cornell. That this university should, without football traditions and the advantages of superior coaching, develop a team so strong as that of '91 unmistakably suggests what we may expect in a year or two.

NO SEASON HAS EVER so effectually demonstrated the value of team play as the one just completed. Harvard, with a galaxy of stars in Lake, Newell, Trafford, Hallowell, and Corbett, was considered well equipped for victory. In fact too well equipped, for it is said that because Harvard was able to win a year ago against Yale's interfering game, the principal coacher at Cambridge pooh-poohed interference, except in the way of tandem running by the backs, and thoroughly believed that to teach team interference was a waste of time. One of them said, "Just give us a centre, and with our running halves we will go through anything." But when Springfield came, it took just three minutes by the watch to show the men who disbelieved in team interference that even light men well protected could be swung through the Harvard line with comparative ease by this style of interference.

PRINCETON HAD MORE TEAM-WORK than Harvard, but the breaking in of new men, and the attempt to mould them well into the game of the few old men, occupied so much of the attention of the coaches in the early part of the season, that not until November was it possible to move them concertedly. Then, no one knows why, the team would be left for days at a time coachless to work along on its own lines—a mistake that is always costly. The team defence was well worked up, but there was practically no team offensive play. Even against Cornell it seemed wellnigh impossible for Princeton to score, and the entire lump sum of the distance they made against Yale would hardly have carried them across the field.

AND SO WE COME to Yale, whose defensive play was a team play that has kept every opponent out of her goal, and whose offensive play was a team play that has never failed against even the two greatest opponents, once at least, to carry the ball without a break from the centre to a touch-down. Nor was the work the repetition of some single massing play which although the opponents might know and recognize, they could not stop. No; it was simply the perfection of execution of a dozen plays, all familiar to football players in their rough form, and all so arranged as to assault the opponents at various points in the line.

THE COACHING OF YALE has already received many a compliment at my hands, but the justice of bestowing those compliments could not have been proven any more effectively than by the work of the team itself at Springfield and at New York. There is one thing in which the Yale coaching is pre-eminent, and that is in the practical execution. Theory and talk in football are the cheapest articles to be had, but to make a play connect is worth all the rest. Trafford and Homans were and are drop kickers. Upon an open field, with no rush lines, either of them could kick more dropped goals, and at a greater distance, than McCormick. We never heard much about the drop kicks McCormick was going to make; but when it came to the field of contest, when a dropped goal meant something besides a little hand-clapping from a few enthusiastic undergraduates, when it meant five large points where points were hard to get, Trafford tried twice unsuccessfully, Homans tried once unsuccessfully, and McCormick, the poorest of the three, with his one chance, sent his little bolt true to the mark. "Why?" you ask. Because, with the Yale coaches, it was not a question of teaching McCormick to kick wonderful goals from mid-field, but it was a question of looking after every detail in the play of so getting the ball into McCormick's hands that he might have a fair chance to do just what the ordinary drop-kicker can do—no more, no less. It was planning to make the play *connect*, and in that it was worth just five points more than the drop-kicking of any Trafford or Homans.

ANOTHER DISTINGUISHING FEATURE of Yale is the unity with which coaches and men pull together at New Haven, and the support given them by alumni and undergraduates. All Yale, young and old, rally around the blue flag. No other college teams are given such support. On Thanksgiving day the cheering of Yale was well sustained and intelligently directed. The Princeton eleven, on the other hand, received little encouragement of this kind. There were an abundance of orange and black decorations on the grand and other stands, but the wearers appeared mute, or, worse still, listless.

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR," ETC. Stagg, as I have taken pains to say already, did wonders with his team of Christian Workers, but when it comes to attributing all of Yale's team-work and her clever strategies to him, it does a rank injustice to McClung as well as his coaches. The criss-cross play that won the greatest gains was worked up by McClung, was executed by his own method, and was solely his labor. The man who alone could gain his distance when Princeton rallied to stop Yale's terrific struggle to get down to the line in the first of the second half, was Winter, whom Billy Rhodes made into a player if ever any one made a man. Finally, the prettiest, cleverest, bit of head-work in the game, McCormick's clear opportunity for a drop, was the product of Billy Bull's brain. Corbin and Knapp lent a hand in centre and end work, and Stagg showed wedge and centre massing. But you never find any clashing among Yale coaches; you never read in the papers of any differences of opinion there. Perhaps there are, but no one knows it, and come defeat, as last year, or victory, as this, they show themselves good losers and good winners, but close-mouthed as to trouble.

FOOTBALL IN THE SOUTH is deserving of a paragraph before we wind up the season. The game is comparatively new to Southern college men, but they have been bending all their energy since its introduction to develop scientific play. While there remains a great deal of room for further improvement, considerable has certainly been accomplished. The best match ever witnessed in the South was played at Richmond, Virginia, November 28th, between the elevens of Trinity College and the University of Virginia for the Southern championship. Trinity won by a score of 20–0. The prominent feature of the Virginia team was the work of Garth, their 246-pound centre rush, who, despite his great bulk, is a very active man, of immense strength, and withal a successful centre. The power of the line, in fact, was massed in the centre, for the other rushers, and, indeed, all the other players, were rather small and light. Most of Trinity's touch-downs were made by the brilliant runs of the right half back, Daniels, their captain. Durham, among other good ones, made one punt of eighty yards. Whitaker, the centre, weighed 200 pounds, and was overpowered by Garth, but the other rushers were heavier than their Virginia opponents, and carried them back in nearly every rush. Trinity blocked better than Virginia, and their tackling, especially that of Plyler, was surer and harder. The game was much closer than the score indicates, and the play generally was of a higher order than usually seen. Enthusiasts are, in fact, rather proud of it, because undoubtedly it exhibited the highest development thus far attained in Southern football.

HURRIED WRITING LAST WEEK at the eleventh hour and a failure to see proofs constructed a sentence that conveys an entirely different impression from that I had intended. I refer to my suggestion to Princeton that another year, in the event of Heffelfinger playing, she follow Harvard's example, and detail some one back of the line to look after him when he breaks through on kicks. As it reads, it sounds as though I not only ignored the rule which forbids the side having the ball from interfering by use of their hands or arms, but advised Princeton to do likewise. In the first instance in this sentence "tackling" was used in its slang interpretation, and in the second, apropos of Lake's high tackling, the occasion was taken to preach *low* tackling at all times, whether on a foul play or otherwise. The tone that has always been observed in this column is sufficient contradiction of any intention to advise infringement of rules. The fact remains that there were to my certain knowledge at least a dozen instances demanding the attention of the umpire in both the Yale-Harvard and Yale-Princeton games, and that Mr. Coffin failed to rule on them.

THE BOXING AND WRESTLING championships of the Metropolitan Association of the A. A. U. showed a couple of clever men in the bantam and feather-weight classes, and a 158-pound man with an exceptionally clever left and a wicked right. The rest were sluggers of the conventional type. One would think the great advantage of clean hitting would tempt some of these windmill sluggers to try it. In every instance on Saturday clean, straight hitting showed its superiority. Outside of the winner of the 105-pound class, the wrestlers, one and all, are sadly in need of lessons. The display was mediocre. The management was good, with the exception of permitting men to box bared to the waist and more than one second. It is curious that open transgressions of plain ruling are permitted.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

PROJECTED TERMINUS OF THE PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILROAD AT PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 998.]

A STREET IN GIFU, JAPAN, AFTER THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 995.]

DOM PEDRO OF BRAZIL.

Two men had their portraits in all the leading papers last Saturday. One had spent a lifetime in working for the betterment of his fellow-men, the other had spent his life in accumulating money. For the enlightened ruler a few paragraphs were sufficient, for the wounded millionaire there was hardly space enough. The crowning act of Dom Pedro's long and enlightened reign was the abolition of slavery in his empire. He had worked to this end for many years, and had the satisfaction of seeing the great work accomplished in 1888. The abolition of slavery also occasioned the downfall of the empire, as the displeased slave-owners made common cause with the republicans, and conspired to overthrow the government. Dom Pedro has explained the revolution in this way:

"Bills in many forms had been presented, dealing with the question. All these were defeated, because the Ministerial Council was composed of slave-owners. I opposed every measure dealing directly with abolition, and made personal efforts to save the bill which provided for gradual abolition. This created enemies for the crown, and augmented the ranks of the republicans.

"When the decree granting immediate freedom was presented for my signature, to prevent any mistake I tried to ascertain what the public sentiment was. The slave-owners threatened to resign from the cabinet if I signed the decree, and the republicans threatened disruption if I did not.

"The decree was signed. True to their word, the slave-owners resigned. These men and others joined the republican party out of revenge. I experienced difficulty in forming a cabinet.

"The republicans demanded what I could not safely grant. Encouraged by the land-owners, the republicans became aggressive, and took every occasion to widen the breach between themselves and the government.

"They succeeded in corrupting many men, without whose aid there would have been no revolution.

"To avert what I foresaw I consented to grant the majority of the demands made by the republicans, even advising the formation of a republican cabinet, and inviting General da Fonseca to a seat in it.

"This I did that there should be no pretext for what did afterwards take place. I was informed at Petropolis of the decision of the republicans too late for action.

"I sent a despatch begging Fonseca to submit the question of revolution to the rank and file of the people, stating that if the majority wished it I would yield. I got an indirect reply: 'The revolution is accomplished.' I hastened to Rio, only to become a prisoner."

Dom Pedro, whose full name was José Carlos Leopold Salvator Bibrano Francisco Xavier da Paulo Leucadio Miguel Gabriel Rafael Gonzaga, was born in Rio Janeiro, December 2, 1825. His father was Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil and King of Portugal. His mother was Leopoldina, Archduchess of Austria, and therefore united in him was the blood of the royal houses of Braganza, Bourbon, and Hapsburg. His father was recalled to Portugal by the death of his father in 1826, and became Dom Pedro IV. of Portugal. He immediately abdicated in favor of his daughter, Maria da Gloria, as he preferred his empire in America to the kingdom in Europe. Five years later, in 1831, he abdicated the Brazilian empire in favor of his son, who was proclaimed the constitutional sovereign, the government being conducted by a Council of Regency, and later by a Regent. When the young Emperor became fifteen years old the Regency ended, and Dom Pedro was the ruler until his government was overthrown in July, 1889. He, with his wife, who was a sister of Francis I., late King of Naples, were put on board of a ship and expelled from Brazil. They went to Portugal. The Empress died the following December. They had four children. Two sons, born in 1846 and 1847, died in infancy, and one daughter, the wife of Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, died in 1871. The remaining daughter, Isabella, is the wife of Prince Louis of Orange, Count of Eu, grandson of King Louis Philippe of France. The Countess of Eu has three sons, and the Princess Augustus left four sons. If there ever be a re-establishment of the empire in Brazil, one of these princes will doubtless be placed on the throne. Princess Isabella and her husband are both extremely unpopular in Brazil, and the fear that she would succeed her father on the throne reconciled many to Dom Pedro's deposition who would otherwise have rallied to his support.

Dom Pedro was as enlightened a man as ever sat on a throne. He was an indefatigable student, and distinguished for scientific attainments of a very high order. He was truly catholic in his religious beliefs, and had no intolerant notions as to the superiority of one faith over another. He recognized the elements of progress in reciprocal commercial relations between Brazil and foreign nations, and saw that these tended to the development of the vast natural resources of his wide and luxuriously fertile empire, with its marvellous mineral wealth and its extraordinary capabilities for feeding a dense population.

Dom Pedro was a great traveller, and went all over Europe, studying everything he saw and thought would benefit his country. In 1876 he came to this country, and spent several months in visiting its various places of interest. He was everywhere received with great honors and attention. There was not a more careful visitor at the great Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia than the Brazilian Emperor. He saw everything that was to be seen, and learned the particulars of all that was in any way new. Those who had the pleasure of conducting him about the great show were struck by the very intelligent interest he displayed in everything, and by the shrewdness of his comments. He was one of the most courteous and kindly men who ever lived, and no one ever met him without being captivated by his singular charm of manner.

During his first visit to France, in 1871-2, he stopped at Rouen, which was then occupied by the German army. The general commanding the German forces visited the Emperor to pay his respects, and desiring to do honor to the distinguished visitor, he proposed placing sentinels at his hotel and giving him a military serenade. But Dom Pedro, with his usual good sense and fine feeling, refused. "If I were in Germany," he replied, "I would be glad to accept your offer, but I am in France, and I cannot permit the music of the victors to salute me on the soil of the vanquished." This incident got into the French papers, and won for Dom Pedro a warm place in the hearts of all Frenchmen. He was so popular, indeed, in France that his disposition for the establishment of a republic excited very little sympathy even in republican France.

He had a plantation, on which he endeavored to demonstrate by practical experiment that paid labor was cheaper than slave labor. This plantation was known as Santa Cruz, and had formerly been the imperial residence. It lay a little beyond the city of Petropolis, in one of the handsomest locations in the empire. It originally belonged to the Jesuits. They obtained it as a grant from the Portuguese government, and erected the buildings. But the old King John, the grandfather of the Emperor, confiscated it at the time the Jesuits were driven out of the country, lived there, and derived an enormous income from the Fazenda. But Dom Pedro's experiments were costly failures, and his plantation kept him poor instead of yielding a revenue, as it had formerly done. The republican government recently confiscated this plantation and all other property owned by Dom Pedro in Brazil. This act did much in shortening the life of the ex-Emperor.

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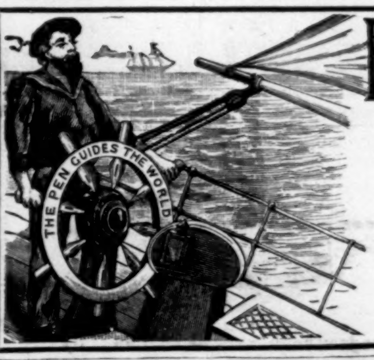

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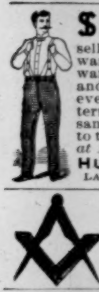

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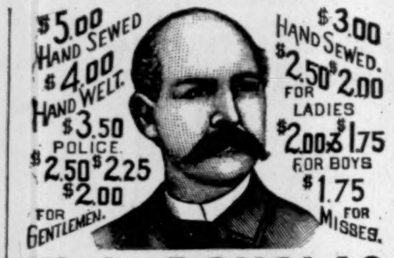

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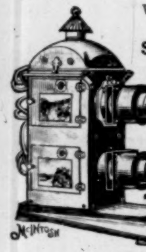

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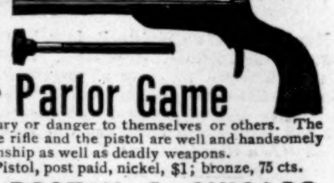

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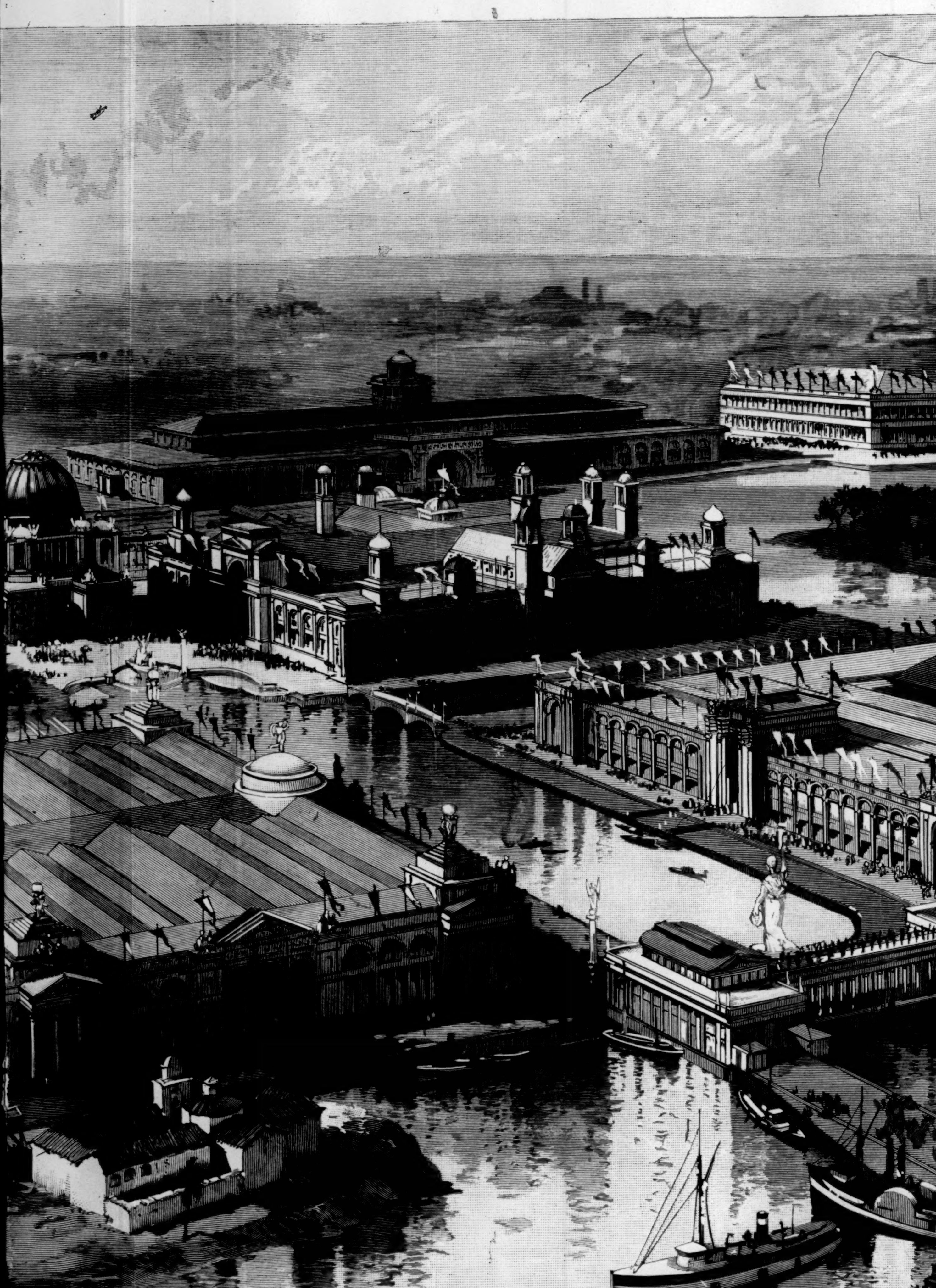

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